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### MIRACLES.\*

A LIVING writer defines a miracle as "an event inexplicable from the effect and concurrence of finite causes, which appears as the inworking of the supreme infinite cause, or God, for the purpose of proving to the world God's nature and will; especially of introducing a Divine messenger, of holding him to life, guiding him in his work, and authenticating his credentials with men; this Divine wonder-working so shaping itself as to operate through the messenger as a power conferred upon him once for all to bear witness concerning him; its efficacy connecting itself with an appeal to God on the part of the wonder-worker; or, so that God himself, on his account, *breaks through the chain of natural events, and lets the supernatural come in.*" The writer cites, as alleged examples of such Divine interference, the miraculous birth of Christ, his exceptional childhood, the scene at his baptism, and his ascension.†

We hold this definition utterly unwarrantable from any claims which Jesus ever made in his own behalf, no way applying to the events cited, or to any facts of the New Testament, practically false and philosophically absurd. If God is immanent in nature and in man, and the supernatural is involved in the natural, there can be no such thing as "inter-

\* This article is a chapter from an unpublished work on the Fourth Gospel.

† Strauss, *Leben Jesu f r das deutsche Volk* bearbeitet, p. 146.

ference" or "breaking through." Nature is the perpetual efflorescence of the Divine Power; the natural is the unbroken evolution of the supernatural; history, from the first man to the last, is the progressive unrolling of the plan of the Infinite Providence in which great events and small are taken up and glorified alike. Who but an atheist doubts "the inworking of the supreme infinite cause:" and who but those who ascribe the authorship of nature to a mechanic, and not a Creator, believes that this inworking is exceptional, and not universal; intermittent, like the winding of a clock, and not freshly creative every hour? Who, among the myriads of messengers which God has sent into the world, ever came without being "introduced" and "authenticated" by the Divine power operating through him, and passing into works that bore witness to his message."

A miracle is exactly what is implied in its etymology, — a surprise. It is an event so unlike anything in our previous humdrum and shallow experience, that we cannot group it under any law of sequence, and so it stands forth as a wonder. If a child who had never heard the thunder were bewrayed in the field by a tempest, and involved in a blaze of lightning, he would think "the chain of natural events" broken through; and very likely believe, as they did in the childhood of the race, that God had spoken from the clouds. The white men told the Indians, who had never seen an eclipse, that on a certain day and hour the sun would hide his face, and the earth at midday be covered with darkness. The hour came, and the darkness came: the Indians fell on their faces in terror, and worshipped the white men as endowed with supernatural knowledge. A man who had been dead four days opens his eyes, and rises from his coffin, and strikes dread into the standers-by. A young woman dying at Naples describes a wedding-scene exactly to the life, and at the moment of its occurrence, in the dear old home across the Atlantic; hears delightful music perceived by no one else; looks up, and exclaims, "How beautiful!" and passes away from earth. What is the work of science but to group all the miracles in the natural world under the laws of matter,

and what is the work of philosophy but to group all other miracles under laws intellectual and spiritual?

Law is simply the order of sequence which governs all phenomenal changes, whether in the realm of matter, or the realm of mind. When we say that the laws of nature or of spirit are "uniform" we mean, not that they give a monotonous sameness through all the centuries, but that, the same antecedents being given, the same consequents will be given also. Like causes, under like conditions, will be followed by like results. If I planted corn last year, and reaped the harvest, I have a right to expect that the same seed this year, in the same soil, with the same culture and the same climatic conditions, will produce the same harvest again. But if the harvest should totally fail this year, while all the antecedents appeared the same as the year before, it would be sheer stupidity in me to imagine that the chain of natural events had been broken through, and not, rather, that some of the antecedents had eluded my pigmy intelligence. The consequents I can cognize, for they stand out palpable before me; but what audacious conceit must that be which claims to cognize all the antecedents which lie hid in the secret laboratories of nature, — which run back to the birth of time, and into the unknown eternities themselves.

If by "the uniformity of the laws of nature" we were to understand only an unchanging series of phenomena, repeating itself age after age, coming round and round in the same cycles, we should have a theory of the creation utterly belied by the facts of the case. Looking out from our little moment in time, and our little molehill in space, we might perhaps affirm this kind of uniformity; for the seasons revolve, and even and morn alternate now, just as our fathers and grandfathers had described them. But how was it in that period before the seasons began their flowery circuit, — before day lit up its solar splendors, or night quenched them with cooling shade? How was it when our earth hung in space as a mass of molten lava, or when the sea covered its whole surface, boiling hot and void of organic life, or when the Silurian hills peered above the surface, and lifted slowly their drenched

and solitary heads above the boundless waste of waters, the first-born children of this habitable world? Looking back, not through our own little day, but through nature's periods and cycles, we see her moving, not in a uniform series, but RISING WITH SPIRAL MOTION from lower to higher; never repeating herself, never completing one circle, except on a loftier plane than the previous one, and towards which all previous ones were the prophecy and aspiration. The Positivists will have it, that temporal change succeeding to temporal change, phenomenon antedating phenomenon, exhausts the idea of causality, thus affronting our intelligence with the doctrine that the effect can rise above the cause into a new and loftier series. For if nature herself gives us, instead of a monotonous circuit in the same grooves, a constant movement out of them into higher ones, — from indistinguishable chaos through the ascending scale of life and order up to man, the majestic coronal of all, — then, when we speak of the "uniformity of nature," we only talk foolishness for the purpose of blinking the too ardent and insufferable glories of the God-head, immanent in phenomena, and authenticating all their vanishings and reappearings.

A miracle is a surprise, — but to whom? Not to supernal intelligences, who see the interiors of nature, and know what is about to be from the unbroken links of the ascending and culminating series; not to Him who fills those interiors with reality, and floods them with his life; but to us, who see but one link of the chain, who are ignorant of the long line of antecedents or of their complex and inscrutable congeries, or who stand where the result is first phenomenalized and bursts upon human sight. An eclipse was a surprise till the laws of planetary motion were discovered, and revealed it in accord with the harmonies of the spheres; the first advent of man on the green earth was a surprise to the brutes below him; the first angelophanies to men were a surprise to the infant race; and every Divine epiphany on a higher plane than a previous one, which should date a new dispensation or a new cycle of the endless years, would be at its commencement a surprise to the subjects of it, whether angels or men. But



what hopeless dullards must we be, to stand, with stupid stare into the heavens, and declare the laws of the universe broken through, simply because we could not see those infinite antecedents and their unimaginable consequents which make up the supreme order of the creation whereby it ascends eternally, and reflects the adorable perfections with nearer and brighter refulgence.

The changes of a single day are miracles to the ephemera that swarm into existence, and die between sunrise and sunset. Supposing them endowed with some sort of puny intelligence, what a surprise it must be to them when they emerge from the surface of the water, and bathe their wings in light; when the wind sweeps them from the air; when they expire in the sun's last rays, and the three hours that span their insect life are closing! The changes of the four seasons are miracles to the tribes that live and perish in their annual revolutions. The transit of the earth from one epoch to another is miraculous, seen from our finite or merely natural side of things. Every new epoch transcended all the "experience" of a former one, and came upon it as a surprise. The shell-fish of the Silurian beach, if they could have thought and spoken as expounders of natural theology, would have treated as monstrous and incredible the first rumors of four-footed beasts and creeping things. "Are not mollusks and bivalves, and not buffaloes and stags with antlers, the *finale* of this lower creation? Who ever heard of any other than bivalve existence? What folly to suppose that the laws of nature are to be broken through, or that we are to develop into aught else than mussels and oysters!" And then the mammals of the tertiary period, who inherited the green earth and cropped its herbage alone for unknown ages, would have been equally nonplussed when birds of gay plumage winnowed the air above them, and much more when man came as the lord of all. As if quadruped existence, and not biped, were not conformable to all experience and the highest to be conceived or desired. As if any other were not anomalous and monstrous and a "breaking-through" of the laws of nature? And the new race of men, looking from the natural

side only, ignorant of aught else than their own short epoch of a few hundred years, might perhaps claim themselves as the last and highest evolution of Divine energy ; and if told that, by some new and more glorious epiphany, a style of life not cetaceous nor animal nor human merely, but **ESSENTIALLY DIVINE** should appear upon the earth with attendants and environments transcending all past experience, and inaugurating a new series of years and centuries, they might very likely think the order of the universe disturbed, its laws broken through, and try to sink the fact from its appropriate rank, and blink the solar splendors of the Godhead.

What can be more indescribably childish than to make the experience of what has been the measure of all that shall be ? And yet this is the whole pith of Mr. Hume's argument against miracles, which Strauss has served up anew as unanswerable. The alleged facts of the gospel narratives, — the birth of Christ from no human paternal line, his exceptional childhood, the angelophanies that attended him, his healing diseases by his touch, his raising the dead, his own resurrection and ascension — are unlike any former experience and therefore incredible. They are violations of nature's laws, and cannot be proved by testimony. The answer plainly is, How do you know the laws of nature, except from phenomena ? And whether such phenomena have taken place is the very question in hand. If they did take place, they are consequents palpable to the eye, but whose antecedents belong to the infinite laws of order which you cannot measure, since they are out of sight. The same consequents were never given before, because the same antecedents were never given. If we are told that Jesus raised the dead, and restored the blind, and walked the waves, the credibility of the alleged facts will depend altogether upon the question, Who was Jesus ? And that again must be decided by the amount and quality of moral and spiritual power with which he moves upon the world, and possesses and changes the heart of humanity. Behold the man, and look before and after, and then say does he inaugurate a new epoch ? Is here a transition-period in the ascending Divine series ? Is here a new Divine

epiphany through the interiors of Nature whereby she ever rises and becomes the more transparent type and glistening robe of the Divine wisdom, love and power? If so, you may well expect it will have some attendants and environments which belong not to any foregone history,—just as the sun, new risen, gives shapes and colors to the breaking and purpling clouds which they never had under the colder and and feebler lustre of the morning-star.

Law seen from the Divine side of things, is not the order of sequence which governs the phenomena of days and years only, but of the ages and cycles of endless existence. Even if it be true, as some theorizing astronomers tell us, that the planetary orbits are growing less, and that the rapid travellers of the heavenly spaces must one day mingle in the solar fires out of which they came, who would doubt that the grand winding-up must be as much under the laws of the supreme order as the folding-up of a flower at evening; preparatory for a new unwinding of the system of nature — of its higher and sweeter efflorescence out of the immanent life of God, and a more sublime procession of the heavenly travellers on their endless way?

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ST. AUGUSTINE quotes from Politian, an example of a Pretorian soldier, who, walking out with his comrade, found in a cottage into which he accidentally came, a book containing the life of the hermit Anthony; and when he had read a little of it, looking upon his friend, said: "At what are we taking so much pains to arrive? What do we seek? For what do we go through the fatigues of a military life? The highest of our hopes at court must be to share some extraordinary degree of the emperor's favor. And how frail and dangerous a situation is that! and through how many other previous dangers must we pass to it! and how soon will all the advantages we can hope from it be over! But I may this moment, if I please, become the friend and favorite of God." And he had no sooner uttered these words, than they both resolved upon quitting the world, that they might give up all the remainder of their days to religion.—*Bishop Leighton.*

## WEARY AND HEAVY LADEN.

AN outward seeming  
With gladness beaming,  
    Conceals my sorrow ;  
Within, 'tis night,  
Nor will the light  
    Come with the morrow.

The curtains of my heart are drawn  
So close, no ray of dawn  
    Can pierce the gloom ;  
Covered from view with fold on fold,  
The burden of a grief untold,  
    Goes with me to the tomb.

Is there no hand with tender care,  
A portion of my load to bear,  
    Helping me on ?  
No touch of human sympathy,  
In my sore need to comfort me  
    For what is gone ?

Veiled in shadows, my soul alone  
Sits, wailing to itself this moan,  
    With ceaseless aching ;  
Striving the while  
To wear a smile,  
    Though hearts are breaking.

Oh ! foolish heart, unwisely stout,  
To bar thy truest friend without,  
    Nursing thy grief ;  
Take to thyself a better guest,  
Then, of thy trouble dispossessed,  
    Thou'lt find relief.

Dead hopes lie buried, earth on earth,  
Only the ashes on the hearth,  
    Tell where the flame late perished ;  
Make, then, a grave for long ago.  
Sad one, a greener turf shall grow  
    Over the lost once cherished.

## THE UNIVERSALISTS.

THIS large and increasing denomination are just now the object of reproof and denunciation ; first, by some Unitarians because they will not adopt the "no creed" doctrine ; and secondly, by some orthodox people, because they do adopt it, — appropriating thus orthodox thunder which they have no right to. They are "a sect of the most exclusive and intolerant character ;" have "assumed an attitude which will take from it the sympathy of all progressive minds," and so on to the end of this chapter of accusations.

The simple history of the matter is this. Rev. Rowland Connor was settled a short time since, as colleague with Dr. Miner, over the School Street Church. A few months after, he joined in a call for the meeting of free Religionists, at Horticultural Hall, in Boston, and accepted the office of Secretary of that meeting. It was a meeting mainly of those who reject the Bible as containing a special divine revelation, and Jesus Christ as he is presented in the New Testament ; rejecting, that is, the ground on which the School Street Church and the Universalists, as a denomination, have always professed to stand. Many of his people were alarmed and scandalized, and after several meetings and discussions, wherein Mr. Connor unfolded his views, a majority were satisfied that he was off their platform ; that his course had not been a frank and open one, and they voted to dismiss him. A minority seceded and formed a new society, with Mr. Connor for their minister.

Recently the matter has come up before the Massachusetts Universalist Convention, at its session in Milford. Mr. Connor asked admission to their fellowship, on the ground that he accepted their articles of faith. These articles are embodied in what is called the Winchester Confession, which is thus interpreted by the United States Universalist Convention as its standard :

"In forming the Winchester Confession, it was the evident intention of our denominational fathers to affirm the Divine

authority of the Scriptures, and the Lordship of Jesus Christ; and, in the judgment of this Convention, only those comply with the prescribed conditions of fellowship, who accept the Confession with this interpretation."

The State convention accepted this interpretation. Mr. Connor said he accepted it in full; but on being questioned, it appeared that he did not believe in the resurrection of Christ, though he thought it probable that Christ rose in a spiritual body; and he did not believe a statement was true for the mere reason that Paul or Jesus Christ had said it. In the judgment of the Convention, he accepted the Confession in words only, to make it mean nothing at all; and they denied him fellowship by a vote of ninety-five to sixteen. For this they are charged with bigotry, and "bringing a reproach on liberal Christianity." "Hereafter Universalists will not claim to style themselves Liberals." They ought to have been satisfied if he "signed the creed," say the orthodox; that is, he might accept the words, and repudiate the sense. Is that the way the orthodox use their creeds, playing fast and loose with them? If so what are they made for?

What the Universalists will do about it we shall see. Two things seem plain, looking from a distance. It does seem to us that they might have applied their rule less hastily, though we confess that those inside the lines may judge best in this matter. But why Mr. Connor's own proposition should not have been accepted, to continue the pastor of School Street Church, till the close of the year; with time and room for his evidently unsettled opinions on some difficult questions to assume consistence and form, with all gentle forbearance and toleration on the part of his hearers, does not appear. Looking from outside, both liberality and the most enlightened and delicate Christian justice would seem to dictate such a course.

As to the rule itself, whether they have erred in its application or not, the Universalists stand now at the cross-roads, and can go either way. They can give up their rule under swelling sounds of "progress," "liberalism," or cries of "bigotry," "intolerance," "sectarianism," and there is a

kind of progress which they will be pretty sure to make : it will be towards a general demoralization and disintegration of their ranks, till their denomination dissolves itself in the general mass, and comes to an end as an organized and efficient body : or they can " stand by their guns," and do a vastly greater work than they have done for religion, morals, and civilization, not only upon the world outside, but also within their own body ; rising still into a warmer devotional life, and higher spiritual culture, just as they have done for the last quarter of a century, with a progress which has been marked and rapid, and owing mainly to the fact that the Bible has been their creed, and their book of devotion. We first knew Universalism forty years ago, and attended its ministrations. It was the first form of protest we found against Calvinism ; it was crude and cold, and ignored all essential connection between the present and the future life. But it accepted Jesus Christ as a Saviour, and the Bible as a Divine revelation ; and under the inspiration of these ideas, and their regenerative power, it has risen to its present commanding position, as one of the efficient forces to reform and renovate society ; and it stands to-day in solid column, and with closed ranks, doing yeoman service against some of the crying sins of the time. Let them give up their rule, and we could illustrate to them the " progress " they will make, in the example of a good many Unitarian societies, which, having done the same, have progressed very rapidly towards zero.

It would be well for people, sometimes, who shout the cant-phrases of party, to pause, and ask what is the meaning of their own words ? What do we understand by Liberalism ? We call that religion the most liberal which makes men and women the most truly liberal and catholic ; which leads to the kindest judgments, and to the broadest and the warmest of brotherly love. We call that religion illiberal, which draws in one's sympathies, and makes him judge men and character and qualification for heaven, by artificial standards, and division lines.

Liberalism is a quality of the heart, more than of the head, and of the head only so far as a man's intellectual faith sets free



the affections, and opens the fountains of charity. A man does not become *liberal* by stretching a drag-net over all sorts of opinions, and hauling them into his pale. He may do this because he thinks no opinions are of any value, since no opinions have ever wrought upon his heart with regenerating power, or made him aught else than a very narrow and very selfish man. We were brought up under old Calvinism, and know something of its spirit. We rebelled against it because it adjudged men to hell not by any standard which gauged their intrinsic quality, but by an arbitrary decree. But we declare that all its bigotry that we ever experienced, was sweet and, lovely, compared with that of some liberals we have encountered since, whose enormous egotism was an embodied and intensified contempt for nearly every one but themselves and whose utterance was a long, continuous sneer against all opinions but their own. We honored and loved Theodore Parker for his many good qualities; but we have heard him speak, when, for the time being, he seemed to think that the world was grouped into about three grand divisions, viz.: knaves, fools, and Theodore Parker.

The Universalists adopt the Bible as their confession of faith. Why? Because they believe that herein is given the most generous and liberal faith ever vouchsafed to mankind. They cling rigidly to it, and will have no enemy to it within their lines. They emphasize the authority of the Scriptures, and the Lordship of Jesus Christ: Why? Because they believe that in and through Jesus Christ, is given to them, in its noon-day effulgence, the doctrine of the fatherhood of God, with its correlates, the brotherhood of man, and the certainty of an immortal and progressive life; and that giving up the Bible and Jesus Christ, and tumbling through an imbroglio of human speculations and philosophies, the fatherhood of God will soon be swamped in the dumb forces of nature, and its correlates of universal brotherhood and endless progress into a general Sadducean goodfellowship among higher classes, and around rum and lager beer among the lower, under a general "license law" of the universe. They will have no enemy to the Bible within their lines, because they believe

that its great truths, there, as nowhere else, are so given, authenticated, and applied, as to produce the highest and truest liberalism; the existence of God, not as an abstraction of philosophy, but as a universal Father; the love of man as the heir of an endless life, and not of a Hegelian immortality; sacrifice for the race, not to give it creature comforts alone, but spiritual elevation even to its highest bliss; communion with God, and the largest entrance into His love and joy. If they disregard the senseless clamor that would drive them from their position, we believe they have an auspicious future and a great work to do in the elevation and spiritualization of the American people. When disposed to abandon it, they had better look in upon the meetings of Horticultural Hall, and see what is before them. They will there find the "progressive minds," and some very excellent ones too, electrified by the "spirit of the age," and organized very much as the hair on a man's head is organized, when surcharged from a battery, — each particular hair standing out from its neighbor as stiff and as far-off as possible. What we call the Holy Spirit, coming through the mediation of Jesus Christ, produces a very different sort of unity: "That they may be one as thou, Father art in me, and I in thee, that they may be one in us, and that the world may believe that thou hast sent me."

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"God fixes his gracious dwelling in the pure and holy soul which has learned to despise the vanity of riches, and makes it calm in the midst of hurries, and secure in the deepest solitudes. And not merely to find, but even to seek after God, is better to such a soul, inexpressibly better, than to possess the richest treasure, the most extensive empire, or to have all the variety of sensual pleasures waiting upon its beck.

I remember to have read of some military officers, who, crossing the Nile in the same boat with the two *Macarii* of Egypt, said to them, in allusion to their name, "You are indeed happy, who laugh at the world." "Yes," said they, "it is evident that we are happy, not merely in name, but in reality; but you are unhappy, whom the world derides, as poor creatures whom it sees entangled in its snares." — *Bishop Leighton*

## THE COUNTRY MINISTER

BY MRS. LOUISA J. HALL.

(Continued.)

THE town in which Mr. Gray was settled did not grow rapidly; there was no fine water-power to attract enterprise, and the small stream which watered its meadows set in motion only a gristmill and sawmill. Still, nowhere in New England can there be utter stagnation; and, as time passed on, the stir of life and intelligence increased. Some kinds of business sprung up; new roads were opened in communication with other towns; the whistle of a far-distant steam-car was heard by the children berrying on the still, rocky pastures, and they laid their ears to the ground, listening to the low rumble of the wondrous trains which few of them had ever seen. Two lawyers, two doctors, storekeepers, mechanics, and farmers, at last established an *academy*; and the older children went away no more for their education. A young man, who had lately graduated from Cambridge, came to be "preceptor," bringing high recommendations; and very popular he was. But the tide soon turned. There were strange whispers about him. The Orthodox minister and his people first took the alarm; and the rumors grew more loud, and more confused. There was something dreadful about this fine-looking, pleasant-spoken young man.

One day Margaret Gray came, and sat down by the table where her father was writing; and she looked so sad and wistful, that a single glance at her face made him lay down his pen, and ask, —

"What is it, Peggy?"

"Father, what is a transcendentalist?"

"Oh, dear!" he exclaimed, with a dolorous sigh, which was followed by a cheery smile, "it is a terrible word, — isn't it? It sounds very appalling. How did you get hold of it?"

"They say Mr. Wilson is a transcendentalist."

"*They* is a gentleman I never liked much; he says so many

things that are not true, and is such a dodger, that nobody can catch him and shake him."

"But, father, everybody says so."

"*Everybody* is own brother to that mischievous *They*."

"Dear father, please be serious."

"I will, Margaret; for I suppose Mr. Wilson is really a transcendentalist, openly and avowedly."

"And a transcendentalist is" — she paused; and so did Mr. Gray, leaning his head on his hand thoughtfully.

"I cannot tell you, my dear. I have heard and read a good deal lately about this matter, and can't see that I am wiser or better for it, as yet. You know I am a simple-minded man, and the whole thing is beyond my comprehension."

"Have you talked with Mr. Wilson about it?"

"Yes indeed: you know I always go to headquarters before I believe anything against anybody. And, when you first mentioned the matter, I spoke lightly, perhaps, because I dreaded entering seriously on the subject till I had investigated it farther. Margaret, never be frightened till you are hurt; don't be so shocked by a new word, or a new idea, till you have examined it candidly, and found out whether there is really anything bad in it, or not; then, recoil when you are convinced that the new thing is hurting instead of helping your religious nature."

"Well, father, what is his transcendentalism doing to Mr. Wilson?"

"I don't know. I think he is a conscientious, pure-minded young man; but not clear-headed, — easily mystified. He is bewitched with Carlyle; and he has notions which may not harm *him* morally, but will work mischief with inferior natures."

"Is it true that he never goes to church, but rambles about the woods on Sundays?"

"Yes: of course, everybody knows that. And what the effect on society would be if that were the general practice, we may guess. Few would ramble in the spirit that he does."

"And that is transcendentalism?"

"No, no: that is only one of the ways in which the new views are manifested."

"Then I have heard, that he laughs at the Bible."

"He has found out, that, in times past, the Bible has been regarded with a superstitious reverence which prevented its true character from being understood; he sees that it is so still, with thousands; and, in escaping from this error, he has made a prodigious leap, and, as I think, has overleaped the truth, and gone to a sad extreme of irreverence, which blinds him just as completely to the true claims of the wonderful book. He does speak of it with a levity which grieves my heart."

"It is very sad."

"Yes; but not hopeless. He is at an age to be fascinated with novelty; the very oddities of style adopted by the new school have a racy charm for him. But he will grow older, Margaret."

"But I am afraid he will do much harm here."

"What would happen if he stayed, I cannot tell: but he is bewitched with the Community plan, and is going off to join it; and we are looking already for a new preceptor."

"The Community plan? Yes: I heard Mrs. Waters describing it; she had just had a letter from her sister in Boston. It sounded very attractive to me: it seemed as if it would be a very right, natural way of living."

"It seems to me that God has instituted the most right way of living, by making our usual family arrangements the most natural. Here is an experiment of man's devising going to be tried: we shall see, by the result, which knows best, — God or man."

"O father! no one doubts that."

"I do not, of course; but some do, practically if not theoretically."

"And do you think this transcendentalism is going to prevail, and the Community plan succeed?"

"The Community plan is not founded on a knowledge of human nature, and therefore will fall to pieces. The true ideas out of which transcendentalism grows will remain in the world in some shape, while the errors drop away."

"You think it has some truth in it?"

"As well as I can understand its teachers, they think our own intuitions teach us what is right or wrong, and that we need no revelation on the subject. This inner sense 'transcends' revelation as our guide. I believe only that this inner sense meets revelation responsively; *feels* the truth addressed to it by God, in whatever shape it comes; but of itself, unaided, is not sufficient to lift man out of ignorance and sin. But I tell you, Margaret, that I do not fully understand the jargon of these modern writers, and am not sure that the name will not pass away before I get hold of them."

"Then, father, I will wait, and see whether things grow plainer to us."

"Yes, patience, — patient examination of all things new, — patience and candor, my child."

This was the substance of many conversations which Mr. Gray was forced to hold with the more active-minded of his people. With perfect calmness, and faith in the power of truth, whatever shape it might take, he discussed the matter with those who were terribly frightened by the long word which had come in among them like a dragon; and with the few of a more visionary cast, who found something attractive in what they could — or could not — understand of the new doctrines. And his well-balanced mind exerted a wholesome influence over both parties. The circle of his influence was small; but it contained minds and hearts as dear to God as any, needing and deserving all he could do for them.

The young preceptor went away; in time the excitement died away also. But in many minds habits of thought had been stimulated, and the faculties had risen into higher fields of exercise. Without genius or great learning, the earnest pastor had met their wants with his discreet words and sincere piety, and God had looked approvingly on his labors. He hoped so, and was content.

(To be continued.)

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SOLITUDE, silence, and the strict keeping of the heart, are the foundations and grounds of a spiritual life.—*Bishop Leighton.*

## A REVERY.

A LITTLE while leave me to think,  
To fold my hands aweary,  
Listening here at the waters' brink,  
To the wash of the waves so dreary.

Creeping up till they touch my feet,  
But never able to stay,  
They come and go, with restless beat,  
One ripple — and then away.

What do they say to the rough grey stones  
Where they break in a foaming crest?  
Perhaps they pray in plaintive tones,  
To creep through the sands to their rest.

Forever to touch, yet never hold fast,  
A useless, endless strife;  
The future but repeats the past —  
Poor wave! How like to life;

To struggle thus with vain endeavor;  
Almost to reach, yet not attain,  
Missing the aim, and feeling ever,  
That one has lived a life in vain.

Where I can see 'tis God's command,  
I dare not call this life-work hard;  
But, meddling with a bungling hand,  
The plan divine grows sadly marred.

Our own, not His work we are doing,  
Reading his purpose all too late;  
With eager haste wrong plans pursuing,  
By folly wrecked, we call it fate.

I feel like one who gropes his way,  
Yet presses towards the light;  
Not lost — not hopelessly astray —  
But doubtful of the right.

Leave me, then, awhile to think,  
A little while to pray;  
So the waves upon the waters' brink,  
May wash my doubts away.



## THE YOUNG MAN'S DANGERS.

BY J. F. W. WARE.

THE dangers that beset a young man have two sources: the state of his own heart, and the moral condition of society about him.

*I. Of Dangers from himself.]*

A young man is in danger from his *self-esteem*, — see that I do not say *self-respect*. This latter is all-important: without it a man will attain to no moral worth, be of no value. Let him lose his self-respect, and he becomes a brute. It is that principle which keeps a man pure and upright, in which hopefulness lies. It is consistent with truest humility. Indeed, it is only the humblest men who have true self-respect. Self-esteem is a different thing. It has vanity in it: it is selfish; it is impatient of advice, authority, restraint. It is conspicuous, obtrusive; it talks loud, it stands forward, it arrogates notice, and becomes offensive. You see this very prominently, and very painfully, in many young men who talk down their elders, ridicule experience, shake their heads at wisdom, and in every movement seem to say, "As if we didn't know." There is nothing more difficult to get along with. A father's opinion has not the weight of the dust of the balance; or the mother's prayer, or sister's entreaty. The power of incipient, self-sufficient manhood, rises in all its majesty, and crushes them. "Boys will be fools," said a father who had done what he could to open the eyes of his son. "My son," said another, "I have seen the folly of it." "Well, father," was the self-satisfied reply, "that is what I want to see." I have never done so foolish things, — things which I know have affected my whole life, — as when, under the guidance of my own wisdom, I put the negative on my father's wish, and did the thing I chose.

This mistake is the more mischievous from the close connection between self-esteem and self-will, and every sort of selfishness. A man has a bundle of troubles in his self-esteem,

and not a single one. There is a point in the life of almost every young man, when, under the operation of these, he becomes exceedingly disagreeable. He oppresses you; you feel as if you ought to sink into nothingness before him; yet you do not quite like to. You cannot argue him, or beat him, or coax him, or ridicule him, out of his decisions. He is intolerant of every opposition, and involuntarily you give him a wide berth. Many of us can look back to this period with no small shame at ourselves. It is a curious process to have gone through, but as inevitable as the pucker state of the fruit, which lies between the blossom and the ripeness. Once passed, and self-esteem and all its errors having given way to a wise and liberal self-respect, — a sentiment every way worthy and characteristic of our wisest and best men, — a young man has come into that which, his life-long, shall be beyond price. He is the stronger and the abler for having just that experience, and the more likely to be just toward those, who, coming after him, will have to fight their way to the same conclusion. I would earnestly advise young men early to commence the chastening of their self-esteem, and beg them to take a warning from those who, never having done it, have vitiated their influence, and grown old without a true self-respect.

Closely allied to, and running into self-consequence, is self-confidence. Very few young men are willing to allow that they are in any moral danger. If they admit the liability of others, they deny it of themselves. It is no easy or pleasant task to try to open their eyes to a sense of individual peril. They know perfectly well they shall not fail. This is presumption; and presumption is the child of ignorance; the source of incalculable mischief and misery. The ruin of many a young man has been in his presumption; his confident superiority to the perils about him, — against which friends have warned and plead, — which he has met with indifference or contempt. This confidence is like that of Peter, who supposed the waves would be the stable floor to his fickle feet that they were to his Master's faithful ones. He sought to stand; he essayed to walk, and lo! he sank. I

do not know truer, sadder, more warning words than these of an Apostle, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." I do not know anything more terrible than the sudden toppling and overthrow of lives which supposed they stood — lives self-satisfied and self-sufficient. The moment of their pride was the moment of their ruin. So it was with Belshazzar as he sat at his guilty revel; so it was with Herod as men shouted that he was a god; so with many a great and many a lesser name going shamelessly, hopelessly, helplessly down into foul oblivion, just at the moment of lordliest arrogance and self-assertion. I have known young men lost by this egregious self-conceit, spurning every help, launching out alone, no rudder, oar, chart, compass, and the cry as they pushed away was, "Never you fear for me;" and your anxious, foreboding hearts caught the echo, as if flung back at you by gibberish fiends, "*Fear for me,*" and you have seen them snatched by the eddy, twisted and turned, and tossed and driven, — now seemingly a little out of the power of the vortex, only to be madly again drawn in, to wrestle hopelessly, and still to be twisted and turned, and tossed and driven, — to sink at last into the remorseless jaw of the whirlpool, or to be cast out bruised, and mangled, and misshapen, and dead. Young men do not keep clear of evil, but they tamper with it; venture here a little, there a little. Curiosity leads them, or pride, or foolish ambition; a love of excitement, or mere thoughtlessness, or still worse, deliberate purpose. They say they "only want to see," not to participate; they will only go so far; they can draw back at any moment. They are wrong; it may be they shall escape. They can certainly show those that have. But the chances are a thousand against them, and no man has any moral right to tamper with such chances. If he were thoroughly conversant with himself, he would not do it; if he knew how easily bad habits grow, and how monstrous their power, and how inexorable their will; if he knew how weak his unexercised principles are; if, indeed, he understood that what he calls principle, oftentimes is no principle at all, — he never would venture where so many have been destroyed.

There is such a thing as a just, and honorable, and safe self-reliance, but it is only when a man, after much experience, stands firm on the eternal truths of Christ's religion, — the only thing a young man ever ought to think of standing upon.

Another danger lies in *thoughtlessness*. Dr. Johnson once said, "that he had several times been guilty of neglect of religion, not from any force of argument but from mere absence of thought." Absence of thought is many a man's sin. It becomes chronic. It crystallizes into habit, and the habit of thoughtlessness is one which leads to many disasters. The child's answer is, "I didn't think." A man's ought to be better. It is a poor excuse for doing or not doing, "I did not think." That is just what you ought to do. Thought is a gift of God for man's safety. It is that which makes him man. It is his privilege and his duty.

The love of excitement is another danger. The young naturally desire relaxation and amusement, and it is just and right that they should have them. And yet there must be proportion and balance — the very things so hard to get. True enjoyment is sober and rational, a thing of reflection and principle. These must be carried into the lighter as the graver things, so that there be no present alloy, no after regret. The tendency is to run everything into excess. One feels as if moderation were a lost word and a fossil virtue. What is to become of the next generation if it keep on at the speed of this? What artificial and what dangerous spicing pleasures have; how the older and the safer have paled and gone out before the meretricious importations of the most degraded notions of Parisian Life. Paris is everywhere to-day. Into every home, into every heart creeps her influence. We are not American — honest, simple, strong and brave, unpolluted and pure. We accept the base-born of the baser sort of the great city of sin, and our pleasures are keyed up to the note she sets. I think this sirocco of excitement that sets across society life, that gets such hold upon the young, that takes them away from books and wholesome occupation, and makes life at its outset a frivolity and dissipation, a per-

petual going and a perpetual craving, which blights and destroys so much of the nobler instinct and element, which leaves no time, or taste, or desire for real culture, or for rational enjoyment — which by and by ends in the intoxication of speculation, the unhealthy gambling spirit which has so largely supplanted the less showy certainty of legitimate trade, may well alarm the lover of his kind and make him fear for those exposed to its baleful breath. I implore you, young men, have a guard upon yourselves. Run into no riot. Partake in nothing doubtful. Frown upon and frown down all excess. Tame your spirits, curb your desires. Whatever is natural and healthy accept and enjoy ; but beware of all that tempts you away from purity, ministers merely to excess, corrupts the taste, vitiates the sentiments, and substitutes what is low and doubtful for what is high and true.

Another danger lies in that strange pride which so early besets, so soon masters, and so closely adheres, unless at once and resolutely met. It prevents a young man from hearing advice, or applying it when heard. It prevents his owning ignorance where to be ignorant is no crime, or allowing weakness where to be weak is a necessity, or accepting aid where aid is essential. It leads him to repel the very help he knows he needs and in his heart desires, and feels he cannot do without ; it tempts him to deceive those who are on the alert to help him, and resort to every ingenuity and sometimes not a little meanness to escape what he really needs. O ! the mischief that it does in human intercourse ! How it chokes right sentiment ; how it crushes sympathy ; how false it makes to many little duties, the while how brave the young man thinks he is in his superiority to ordinary things, in his affected disdain of obligations and duties from which he is never released ! It stands in the way of kindness, generosity, justice, love for parents and sisters ; in the way of a right discharge of life's tenderest, truest, most urgent duties, and cuts one from all the nobler and unselfish graces. A very dangerous ingredient in one's moral composition is it, a very uncomfortable companion does it make, and a very low life does it lead to.

*II. Of Dangers from Society.*

Any young man who enters into any connection with the world about him, expecting to find it pervaded by a high moral tone, must soon and bitterly learn his mistake. Not that there are not individuals of the purest moral sentiment, having the very highest moral standard, leading the most unexceptionable lives, but these do not rule in it, shape its laws, issue its decrees, furnish its awards, decide its prizes. Do we not all know this? and that great danger lies in the way of the young man from it? What is in everybody's life, what actuates and controls everybody's conduct, what is everybody's standard, we get to think must be true. There has grown up about us all a huge, nondescript, irresponsible power called "The World"—a very Juggernaut, crushing beneath its chariot wheels the souls of men bowing in abject homage before it. It issues decrees, passes judgments, demands obedience. These are often very shallow, very pernicious, very false, and they take the very manhood out of the man who tamely gives up to them. They make cowards of the best of us, and before them the immutable laws of God go down. Man's lie overrides God's truth, and we become slaves of the most contemptible and fickle whims which the moment exalts, and the moment may dethrone. Who shall go, in dress, in manners, in opinion, against the majority? When it is yellow gloves, who shall wear white; when it is plaids, who shall wear stripes, or if peg top be the law presume to run his legs into candle-moulds? When etiquette says carry your hat, who shall give his to the servant, or leave it in the hall? When fashion says go to a party, who shall say, "I will not;" when ten is the hour, who shall dare go at eight; when it decides which is the church, who shall go respectably to heaven in any other? In short, in every relation of life it is felt, an impertinent meddler, interfering in everything, insisting that you remain ciphers, and making its conventionalisms more imperative than moralities. What young man but must be affected, *tainted* by this state of things; what one but must suffer in his own self-respect, in

his honor, in his truthfulness? Who has not been harassed in mind and purse by the demand which dress makes, tempting him to extravagance he cannot afford in order that he may keep in with a certain set; who has not sacrificed, at some time, his own better conviction to the opinion about him, and stood mean and naked and coward in his own eyes; who has not upheld measures he did not approve, because it "would not do" to do otherwise? That young man is lucky indeed who is conscious of no moral loss from his contact with the world, who through all has kept the keenness of his moral susceptibilities and the perfect integrity of his heart. The evil which comes shorn of much of its repulsiveness because shared in, yielded to, by so many, is the more insidious. The danger is concealed, and the world has become omnipotent before the meaning or extent of its power is realized.

I have alluded to the extravagance into which the demands of society will lead a young man. It is fearful to think how such extravagance is sometimes met, and what a loss of character and peace it frequently entails. Few young men can afford to dress as they do; or go to places of amusement, drive horses, drink liquors, or smoke cigars, as they do. If they can, they ought not to do it; for no young man has any business to be growing up indifferent to, negligent of many duties and charities which self-denial in these things would enable him to do much for. If they cannot afford it, they must either go in debt, or resort to some not strictly honorable means. The importance attached to dress is a young man's mistake. The genteel, cultivated rich, lay little stress upon it; nor do they spend anything like the same portion of their income on display that their poor imitators do; nor is dress a passport to anybody's respect or favor. Every man or woman whose wardrobe is beyond his means or position in life, by that very fact loses all he expected to gain; and the petroleum or shoddy snob is the butt of ridicule or the mark of contempt. He may have a little vulgar satisfaction in it himself; may call out some very doubtful comments of common people; but no man whose good will is worth asking for, will be gained by it. It is always felt by



lookers-on when a young man is going too fast for his purse or his position. The indulgence you cannot afford is your disgrace; your nice clothes are the livery of your shame; and even the opinion of the world you so stoop to buy, will not be given you. She despises and rejects, while she compels your service.

I sometimes wonder if young men remember who it is that made a man's mouth, and think of what He made it for! The tongue is a "little member," but it is an unruly evil full of deadly poison, and defileth the whole body. What terrible sins is the tongue guilty of? And many of those are society sins; sins a man is tempted into by his social relations. Think of the whole host of compromises and subterfuges, and so-called white lies, — as if a lie could have anything white about it! — think of the vanity and vapidness of the "mere talk" of society, miscalled conversation, — the infinite littleness which immortal beings allow to escape them; — sound, not sense. Think of the miserable, shallow conceits of language, and allowed vulgarisms, patent in society, the fashionable slang of male and female life. They are very dangerous and very degrading, and tend to deeper degradation. Then comes profanity — of which it is said no gentleman is guilty — but to which almost every man is, at some time in his life, addicted; then all that doubtful talk, so largely the staple of schools, which so corrupts the heart, and deadens the moral sense, and leads to vilest abuse and shame and sin. Young men, keep your tongues with all diligence, — keep them clean, — and keep the heart pure, that they may be.

Shall I go on and warn you of the grosser temptations of intemperance, of gambling, of licentiousness? Is there no need that the young man be warned of these? Are they not already marking their victims, and leading away their captives from among young men, — perhaps some of the very young men who read these words? Is not the last, which so many say is not to be mentioned in public, fast becoming the scourge and curse of society, infusing its deadly venom into bodies and souls, — and shall I stand before young men, and dare to be dumb? Is it always to be that the monster immo-

ality shall not be spoken against, lest some fastidious ear polite shall have its delicate sensitiveness jarred? No, in God's name, no. Our brothers, our friends, our sons, our fathers, are its victims. Young men, you are in danger; nothing but firm religious principle will save you. Resist every art, shun every tempting; take not the first step; keep yourselves unspotted, lest a fierce fire consume your blood, and a fiercer flame torture your soul.

Bear with me while I briefly speak of one or two things which a young man wants. The young man wants *moral courage*; a universal want, yet it is one of the corner-stones of true character, and a sure success. I think George Washington was more truly brave when he told his father that he had cut down the tree, than when he showed himself the cool and collected warrior at Braddock's fight; and I think it was that trait in him which raised him to the position he afterwards held, and the fame a world accords, rather than any mere martial courage. Was not this a conspicuous element in the character of John A. Andrew, — a man whose character may well be studied by the young men of to-day; — a man whose character made his greatness. He had the courage of principle, and that is what young men grievously want, the courage which says, I dare not lie, be mean, disobey God, betray my conscience.

Consequent upon this want of moral courage, is want of true independence. Young men sometimes claim to be independent, when they are merely rebellious. The opinions and laws which govern young men are not their own free decisions, but are the average sentiments of the set they are in. "Esprit du corps," is law to them. In college it used to be the dictum against which we thought it utter madness for our parents to set themselves, "Our fellows say so and so." I have never known an omnipotence quite equal to that. It was a fiat intended to sweep everything before it, and shake the great centre of home and duty. We were ourselves slaves to it, and meant others should be, and yet by that very token, we considered ourselves free. Every knot or clique of young men has its code, its corporate spirit, its average

sentiment, which, and not the individual's own manly opinion, rules. The evil of it is immense. Let the young man resist the beginnings of such influence. What he wants is not to rely on his set, but to rely on himself; his own honest, deliberate opinion. True independence is freedom from all wrong influence, superiority to all which in others or yourself, is low, mean, unworthy; exemption from all bias; the plain, manly, straightforward expression and accomplishment of that which one's own enlightened, Christian sense of right directs.

A young man wants to understand the *true use of his leisure*. Leisure, rightly considered, is the most valuable part of a man's time, because it will enable him to do what the routine of life prevents, but the leisure of most men is entirely waste time. If they have leisure they seem to think they have the right to be idle. I look back to no mistake of early life with more surprise than to the feeling that I had that because it was vacation, or Saturday, I had nothing to do. The moment the pressure of business or study is relaxed, the young man says, "I have nothing to do," and so presents himself the fair victim of any evil influence that may come along, for Satan is just as busy in finding mischief for idle hands as when we learned Dr. Watts's hymn in the nursery. Leisure is not a season for idleness, or mere enjoyment. What both mind and body need is not utter rest, but a change in the kind of action. If young men desire to be anything more than what the school has made them, or their particular calling will make them, if they do not want to be left far behind by the age, they must look to their leisure, to odd moments. It is surprising how much may be learned so. I do not object to relaxation, society, amusement; far from it; but the young man's leisure is better spent among good books than in any other way. He rests while he fills his mind. There was a curious picture painted in France early in the 15th century, which represented Jehovah as resting after the six days of creation with a book in his hand! The idea is, that the truest repose, after the most extraordinary exertion, is to be found in feeding the mind. Our young men are pushed so early into life, with such very imperfect education, that they must

so supply the deficiency, or be deficient forever. The mercantile class, men whose opportunities of influence are large and various, especially need this warning. As a class I believe the mechanics and factory operatives are better informed, give more attention to books; make a wiser use of leisure, and are preparing for the places of honor and trust.

And what shall I say, in concluding, of the young man? He is a being of warm, generous, noble impulses, which are liable to be perverted and must be checked and trained; he has warm affections, a general regard for the truth, a horror of meanness. He has a good opinion of himself, which judiciously managed, he may bring into a true self-respect. He is ambitious, and it shall depend on himself whether it is for good or for bad. His superficial view of life leads him early into mistakes and sometimes fixes things for life in the inverse of their value. I do not consider him as wilfully a doer of wrong, but as in perpetual danger until he has established principles of thought and action. His worst points are his thoughtlessness, his foolish notions of independence, his impatience at advice or restraint, his want of reverence for man, for holy places and things, for the Saviour and God. He is exceedingly likely to be tempted, and is exceedingly easily tempted. One bad boy, and that not a bright one or a pleasant companion, is sufficient to corrupt a school; and so it is later in life,—with such amazing fatal facility of yielding do we lean toward sin. It is hardly possible to overstate the dangers that crowd about a young man. If he would only embrace the Spirit of the Gospel I would trust him anywhere; as it is, with all his fine qualities,—and knowing by our own experience what is before him,—I cannot but blame the wilfulness that persists in blindness, the perverseness that will be deaf; the disregard of all parental entreaty; I cannot but be anxious for his future, and doubtful of its result.

Is it thought that I am not considerate enough for youth, and overstate dangers? Who go in and out at the doors of those saloons which stand open day and night? Who is found at the billiard or card table? Who lifts the wine cup, and

who is this with uncertain step and lack-lustre eye? Who desecrate the Sabbath, driving furiously through our streets, and with ribald shout and song break in upon the sacredness of the day! Who are frequenters of brothels and companions of harlots! I answer, the *young men*, and if you doubt it, I will take you with me, and you shall keep count, and we will see. I will show you the young man beginning to go down the hill; haggard in look, restless in manner, worried at heart, with an eye that will not meet yours. I will tell you of the young man trusted and respected, now a prodigal fugitive, like Jonah fleeing from Tarshish, hoping to outspeed his sin, and I will prove to you that these are the legitimate, not infrequent, results of habits formed at places where young men do most resort. Places of dissipation, and pleasure and sin depend for their recruits upon young men. Written as legibly as in letters of fire upon all these, is, "*Wanted. Young Men*" and young men they get, and young men they strip, and young men they ruin, and young men they turn upon the world, blasted in health and hope and fortune, only too happy, if after their rioting, the famine reveal to them the husks they have consumed, and send them in contrition to their Father's house. But alas! the many do not return, but are lost, LOST. Golgotha, the place of skulls, was a place abhorred by the Jew, but these — our modern Golgothas — places where souls are lost, are sought out and maintained by the young. There are other things than these so alluring and so treacherous, which plant no poison sting in the moment of enjoyment. Young men are wanted elsewhere. Society wants young men; pure, true, brave; humanity wants them, ardent, and unchilled by expediency or selfishness; virtue wants them, and all their fresh power for good; home, and parents and friends, and country, and God, and eternity, all want them. Will you not rather answer this demand than the other? Will you not make sure of what these give, rather than wreck your souls for what the others promise? Do it then at once, before habit has riveted its chain upon you, before the evil days draw nigh, before the delicacy of your moral susceptibility is blunted, before you cease to love the

good, or seek your good in evil. Could I throw into my entreaty all the agony that has come of, the misfortune, the disgrace that have grown out of the unchecked follies of youth; could I lead you to the unhonored graves of young men I have known, or point you now, in the melancholy wrecks in the street, the companions of my boyhood, fair and promising as any of you, I might hope to rouse you to a sense of danger. I cannot do it; but give heed to every word. The bubble that is this moment trembling upon the verge of the Niagara Fall, has a better chance of resisting the rushing torrent and making its way back, alone, by the quiet waters of the lake above, than have you of escaping all taint of the corrupting world. You have but one chance. Embrace that. Amid the boiling, yeasty waves at the cataract foot, a little boat propelled by a mysterious energy, makes its way slowly, surely, defiant of all opposing wrath, till it enters within the embrace of the ever-falling spray, and there buoyantly and safely rides upon the rising and falling water. And so, O young man, it is in life. None of the things that beset and imperil have any power; you may ride safely and buoyantly amid these; if there but be locked up within, the impelling and the conquering energy of a Christian faith.

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THE MOTHER.

[From the Monthly Repository.]

MOTHER! revere God's image in thy child —  
 No earthly gift thy parent arms enfold,  
 No mortal tongue as yet the worth hath told  
 Of that which in thy bosom meek and mild  
 Rests its weak head. Oh not by sense beguiled,  
 Gaze on that form of perishable mould.  
 Though first by thee it lived, on thee it smiled,  
 Yet not for thee existence must it hold.  
 For God's it is, not thine. Thou art but one  
 To whom that happy destiny is given  
 To see an everlasting life begin,  
 To watch the dawns of the future heaven,  
 And to be such in purity and love  
 As best may fit it for the realms above.

## THE BEREAVEMENT.

WE had written a few sentences to relieve the heart, by joining in the common sorrow, when the tribute to Governor Andrew, found in another place, was welcomed to our pages. But we must say a word. Though among the greatest and best of magistrates, he was more than Governor. He was father, consoler, brother, and friend. When our fallen heroes came back cold in their coffins, it was not their kindred alone who wept over them. That voice, so full of power when it summoned them to the field, had the sweetest undertones of Christian sympathy, as if our whole beloved Commonwealth, personified in him, was weeping at their graves. In energy he was first among men, while his humanity was tender as a woman's. Even the telegraphic wires that went out from Massachusetts blended human sympathy with the lightnings. The telegram calling for the bodies of the Massachusetts soldiers dead in Baltimore "tenderly preserved in ice" will always be remembered; and the address at Lowell, afterward, over the first martyr of the war who had bathed the stones of Baltimore in Massachusetts blood.

But his sympathies as a man never obscured his clear-sightedness as a statesman, but made it always the more sure. On every important question he was far in advance of his own party, or of any party. He saw, before Mr. Lincoln did, that the negroes must be armed or the country would not be saved; not merely as a matter of policy and military necessity, but as a recognition of their manhood and their rights as human beings, and that, without this, the eternal justice was not clearly on our side, and would not come down decisively in the balance. He persevered by appeal and argument, till the first regiment was equipped and marched through Boston, stout and heroic-looking men, with the brave and gentle Colonel Shaw, at their head; and their heroism at Fort Wagner had before been fired and magnetized by the Governor, on Boston Common. How beautifully his stainless fame, emerging from all the clouds of calumny, fulfils the prophetic words, "He that ruleth over men must be just, rul-



ing in the fear of God; and he shall be as the light of the morning when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds, the tender grass springing out of the earth by clear shining after rain."

Governor Andrew was a Christian and, first and last, was supremely loyal to his Christian confession. The secret of his great success lies in the fact that his eye was single. In any measure that he adopted he never calculated the chances of popular favor, but only asked, Is this conformable to the unchanging principles of humanity and justice? Once, when there was likely to be trouble on account of some unreasonable demands of the negroes, one of the Governor's friends said to him,—"You never will get the gratitude of these men for what you are doing for them." His quick reply was, "I never asked myself anything about their gratitude; but," laying his hand on his heart, "I feel something rising up here telling me of a Right and a Wrong." How the gratitude came, nevertheless, is seen in the tears that trickle down the dark faces when his name is mentioned, and which were the most touching tribute around his bier.

Governor Andrew, we said, was a Christian, and with his breadth and warmth of sympathy he could be no other than a liberal one. And, being a liberal Christian, he was a hearty and whole one, and breathed his large soul into his confession of faith.

His allegiance to his denomination he took pains to manifest when holding the highest office, and when men of less transparent honesty would have concealed unpopular religious opinions, or, at least, would have declined to appear as their chief embodiment before the world. But, when the National Convention was called to meet at New York, in 1865, he left the State House when the legislature was in session, appeared as the chief representative of Unitarianism, in the city of sects where Unitarianism was barely tolerated; and we felt how Christianity, in his single person, with the genial and generous virtues, the incorruptible integrity and the broad and tender humanity which are its mellowest and choicest fruits, had the best living evidence for its truth and

power. Some of us remember how he presided on that occasion; with what wisdom and delicacy he moulded and guided the whole body, and breathed inspiration through it. But, most of all, they will remember, for nobody could ever forget, the closing scene in the evening of the last day. The work of the convention had been brought, as we thought, to an auspicious termination. In the evening there was the grand festival in the Academy of Music, to which the public were invited, and the floor and the galleries were full. For two days the telegrams had been coming in with news of Grant's victories before Richmond, and visions of a redeemed and regenerated country were breaking with a new power upon every loyal mind. The Governor rose to speak. After dwelling a moment upon the Convention and its work, he broke forth into the great theme of which every heart was full, and for an hour the nation's joys and hopes and aspirations, its resolves and its thanksgivings and its dream of rising glory, found utterance in his speech and bore away his audience in a swelling strain of triumphant eloquence. The death of slavery and the emancipation of a whole race, the object which had inspired his zeal as a legislator and a statesman, gave a searching unction to his tones, and the black waiters around stood fixed as in a trance, their eyes glistening with tears of joy as if their own millennium had now come. And then, remembering the brave boys who were strewing the battle-fields, his own Massachusetts boys among them, and on whose closing eyes that lovely vision could never come, his voice sank to a flute-like plaintiveness, in a strain of loving tribute to their memory, closing with those lines of Collins — not unfit, to day, to be sung over his grave in Mount Auburn: —

“How sleep the brave who sink to rest,  
With all their country's wishes blest,  
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold  
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,  
She there shall dress a sweeter sod  
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.”

## JOHN ALBION ANDREW.

BY F. H. HEDGE, D.D.

THE death of Mr. Andrew has been justly termed a national calamity. The country had not, in all the millions of her population from sea to sea, a son whose decease from earthly scenes and works would have been more disastrous to her welfare than that of the eminent patriot who has just departed from among us. With the single exception of Abraham Lincoln, no death has occurred, within our remembrance, so calamitous, so fraught with hurt to the public weal. The nation has lost, and Massachusetts has lost, men of more shining gifts and more commanding powers, orators more eloquent, scholars more accomplished, jurists more learned. Adams, Webster, Choate, Quincy, Everett, all of whom have perished within the last twenty years, are names of higher mark in their several kinds. But these all died in advanced age, or when their uttermost had been accomplished, and when so little remained to them of active and productive energy that we felt their death to be not so much our privation as their release. But here was a man in the prime of life, with energies fresh and vigor unabated, with indefinite capacity of work remaining, and a reasonable hope of years to come, by a sudden stroke, in a moment, withdrawn from the sum of our resources and the needful service of his time. There is a sense, no doubt, in which every life is complete. Measured by the scale of eternal uses there is no untimely death; but judged by mortal standards, tried by present social needs, this was certainly an unfinished life, and this death a calamity of national significance.

The whole extent of the loss sustained in the death of such a man it is impossible to estimate. The promise, greater than any past performance, which all who knew him or have watched his career with impartial eye, had learned to connect with his name, the indefinite capacity of further service which to us that name expressed, are essential constituents

of the interest that attached to him. But, confining ourselves to qualities already tested, to virtues approved in public action, we have some data that may serve to indicate the greatness of that loss. We say then,

1. This was a man of incorruptible integrity. Alas! that this quality should be so rare in political life. More rare, I sometimes fear, in American politics than in those of other nations. A democratic government, with all its preponderant advantages over other forms of national polity, is peculiarly exposed to the tampering of unprincipled ambition. The ease with which, in such a government, men of moderate ability, by dexterous manœuvring, insinuate themselves into office and rise in public life, the number of lucrative posts within the reach of political aspirants, tempts many to adopt that pursuit as a trade, with no qualification but a ready tongue, an elastic conscience, and an easy accommodation to popular caprice; with no end but self-aggrandizement and party spoils; men without convictions, whose only test of political right is political success, and with whom the verdict of the polls, if not the voice of God, is yet the highest law. Hence the redundancy of political mercenaries, grasping, greedy, ignorant, unprincipled adventurers, making the political arena odious to men of high culture, of tender conscience and refined taste, and excluding many from participation in public affairs whose counsel and talent might profit the State. And hence the want of statesmanship so often and lamentably conspicuous in our national and state legislation, in the conduct of our foreign and domestic policy. For statesmanship is not trickery and intrigue, it is not the offspring of cunning, nor is it often a natural gift. It is the product of general ability and large culture combined with special training and the insight which experience gives.

As a natural result of the tendency of which I speak, we have lived to see a prize-fighter elected a member of the national council. In such a condition of things, the loss of one who not only possessed natural aptitude for public life, but

had proved himself morally as well as intellectually qualified for office, is doubly afflictive. Andrew was a man whose public record is without blemish, free from every stain of self-seeking, I had almost said, from every imputation of blame; but that, in these days, to one who dares to be independent, is impossible. A man whom not only no lure of pecuniary gain or political advancement, but no desire of popularity, no covetousness of public applause, no fear or favor could seduce from the course which his conscientious interpretation of the public interest prescribed. It is essential to a statesman that he have popular gifts and popular sympathies, that the general current of his thought be in harmony with the genius of the people whose affairs he is called to direct, that he appreciate their ideas and feel their wants. But also it is essential to a statesman that he should dare to be unpopular when occasion demands, when he sees that the people are mistaking their true interests, that the public clamor misinterprets the public need. He must not be the plaything or passive, unreasoning tool of the popular will, but must seek to guide that will by right measures to healthy and profitable issues. And to guide is often to oppose; to direct in one way is to hinder and foreclose a different way. The stream which is taking a direction that threatens damage to the land, must be dammed on that side and diverted into other and safe channels. The present prime minister of Prussia, the foremost figure in the Europe of to-day, and unboundedly popular with the nation whom he serves, would not be the popular statesman that he is, had he not, awhile ago, dared to initiate and prosecute to the end a very unpopular measure, incurring the reproach of his countrymen for what he believed to be their ultimate good. The popular feeling, when its action is spontaneous, when not perverted and misguided by interested leaders, is generally right. But the popular feeling may sometimes err, and when it errs, should not, without an effort to reclaim it on the part of men of influence and authority, be suffered to wander "at its own sweet will." It is the theory of our government, that the will of the people rules; and the will of

the people is supposed to be expressed by the vote of the legislative bodies. But the Constitution wisely invests the Executive, whose business it is to realize the will of the people, with a power of *veto* on the legislative vote, which a bare majority may not countervail. The purpose of this provision is partly to protect the people against their own representatives, a bare majority of whom may not truly represent the popular will, but partly also to protect the people against themselves, against their own too hasty and inconsiderate judgment; to give time for more deliberate and mature consideration of the measure proposed. It is sometimes, I say, necessary that statesmen and magistrates should be willing to be unpopular, should dare to oppose the popular voice for the people's sake. Our late governor was eminently popular, at times unboundedly so; a more beloved magistrate has never sat in the gubernatorial chair of Massachusetts. But he sacrificed nothing to that effect, his popularity was unsought, it was inevitable. He was popular, but he was also independent; he was not the slave of popular caprice, and has given sufficient proof, both in and out of the chair of office, of his readiness to take the unpopular side when his judgment perceived it to be the right side, and when conscience dictated that position. An instance of this was his *veto* of the so-called jury-bill, the operation of which, as he conceived, would traverse the design of the trial by jury, and predetermine the verdict of jurors in those cases with a view to which the bill was framed.

Long before his call to the office of chief magistrate, on his first appearance in public, he manifested his quality by frank and fearless espousal of the anti-slavery interest, a cause on which all leading politicians then frowned, and which none who entertained political aspirations would care to embrace. From first to last he remained true to that interest and to all the interests directly or indirectly associated with it or growing out of it. The cause of freedom, of human rights, of human progress in all its aspects and relations, never failed to find in him a faithful and earnest advocate. In this general drift of his thought and life he was uniformly

and entirely consistent with himself. He was one whom you knew in the popular phrase, "where to find," and you always found him on the right side, aways on the side of justice, humanity, freedom. A generous advocate of human rights, but not in the wayward, bitter, and persecuting spirit of those aggressive and quarrelsome reformers whom accidental determination and love of opposition, rather than native justice and mercy, have arrayed on that side,—not in that spirit, but out of a good and honest heart that gravitated with all its instincts to human weal. For honesty was still, as I interpret him, the radically characteristic trait of the man. Hence the heartfelt and universal confidence reposed in him. You felt that here was a nature on whom you could count for sure fulfilment of the promise it gave; a nature which would never prove false to its native instincts of justice and truth. You were sure of his honest purpose; you were sure of his sympathy with every good cause and every humane endeavor; you were sure of his impregnable honor. You built with immovable trust on the rock-foundation of that steadfast soul.

2. Another trait which we honored in Andrew, was his unselfish and untiring devotion. We have lost in him the zealous, the indefatigable patriot, consecrated with all his powers to the cause of nationality wherever threatened, however assailed. To say that he discharged with fidelity the duties of his office as governor of this Commonwealth, would be a very insufficient account of his service to the State, although no governor of Massachusetts has ever found the office so burthened with heavy responsibilities, with ceaseless calls, with anxious cares, and exhausting labors. Our governor did not content himself with meeting the more urgent and inevitable exigencies, the requirements not to be put by, of the office so encumbered, but made it the occasion and the means of a service far exceeding all that could be rightfully claimed or reasonably asked of its incumbent. He gave himself, mind and soul and body, not to the duties only, but to all the capabilities of his position, and all the emergencies of that agony



of time. Day and night, at home and abroad, "in journeyings oft, in labors more abundant," he studied, and planned, and counselled, and toiled, for the safety and honor of the State and the comfort of her sons in the field. It was owing to his foresight, his vigilance, his promptitude and indomitable energy, that within four days from the fall of Sumpter, Massachusetts troops were on the march to the national capital. In towns where the summons arrived at dead of night the militia companies were in marching order by break of day:—

"The midnight brought the signal sound of strife,  
The morn the marshalling in arms."

And when, on the fifth day, their colors gleamed in the streets of New York, the astonished citizens voiced with deafening cheers their admiration of the prompt resolve with which our State had responded to the Presidential call. A friend who witnessed on the spot this inspiring spectacle declared to me that never before, to him, had Massachusetts seemed so great as then. But the greatness of Massachusetts in that hour was the inspiration of her chief magistrate, who blew something of his own spirit into all within his sway. No labors, or watchings, or exposure, or fatigue could exhaust his infinite good-will, or damp the fervor of a zeal that burned to accomplish what he might for the rescue of the nation in her extreme peril. Not only his faculty and time but his property also was freely given to this cause, his salary as governor falling far short of expenses incurred in the service of the State. It is believed that the State is pecuniarily, as well as morally, his debtor. Let her citizens see to it that his family suffer no want from his generous devotion.

A most loyal soul! and withal so gentle, humble; so void of pretension, so innocent of vanity and pride! Such dignity without pomposity; such naturalness without triviality! On easy terms of equality with the highest, in sympathy with the lowest, accessible to all, the friend of all, he was conscious of no elation when the voice of his fellow citizens called him to the chair of State; and when, having served the State

with singleness of heart and the consecration of all his being through the darkest period of her history, he gave place to another, and returned with his satchel in his hand to the old professional drudgery, he was conscious of no descent; so disconnected in his thought were place and complacency, office and self respect. When he heard of a proposition to raise a sum of money by way of grateful acknowledgment of his inestimable services, he forbade the project, preferring, though poor, to earn his bread with honest labor, rather than peril his independence. He declined the lucrative post of Collector of the port of Boston which was tendered to him, unwilling, though poor, to receive the favor of office from an Administration whose principles and policy he could not approve.

3. I have spoken of moral traits, let me add to this brief tribute my admiring recognition of that intellectual merit so conspicuous in our late fellow citizen — his practical wisdom. In this quality, so essential in a statesman, Andrew, I think, was surpassed by none of the public men of the country now on the stage. I call it an intellectual quality, and yet there is in it something also of a moral kind. And this moral element is that precisely which distinguishes wisdom from cunning, the practical reason from the understanding. Cunning is that faculty which devises the best means for *given* ends, but wisdom discerns the best means to accomplish the *best* ends. It chooses the ends, as well as the means, and the choice of ends is determined in part by the moral sense. And as wisdom is morally distinguished on one side from cunning, so on the other, it differs intellectually from blind fanaticism, which sees and chooses an end that is good in itself, but mistakes the means, and pursues that end as the one sole good, irrespective of others equally important; and is ready to sacrifice all to that one. Intelligence and moral earnestness are equally essential to the public weal. We have in this country, at this moment, enough of both to guide our counsels and direct our aims, and to bring us safely out of all our troubles. But, unhappily, they are not

united in the same individuals and will not conspire in a common effort; but follow, each, their separate way. The intelligence runs to cunning and spends itself in time-serving and crafty devices by which the time is not served. The moral earnestness runs to fanaticism and spends itself in railing accusation and the poor satisfaction of blocking the wheels of the policy that will not run on the narrow track of some special reform. It is difficult to say which is most detrimental to the state, the cunning of unprincipled politicians, or the reckless, impracticable zeal of agitators who can see in all this broad land but one interest, but one object, and one only way to accomplish that object; and who, in their blindness, do not see that the way on which they insist is the way of all others to secure its defeat. Intelligence is good and moral earnestness is good, but neither alone can constitute a statesman. True wisdom and ripe statesmanship unites both, the fervent spirit and the circumspect look, the glow and the breadth, lofty ends and practical endeavor. This wisdom Andrew possessed in an eminent degree.

In political life he was not so much politician as statesman, not so much occupied with immediate local gains as with distant and general good; not so much engrossed with party interests, and not so intent on party success, as to be unmindful of the national weal. He saw and sought the best ends, but saw them in their true connection and mutual interdependence, and sought them in their natural relations, and not one at the expense of all the rest. No man had more at heart the objects proclaimed by the would-be reformers of the day, but he was no brawler, no railing, impatient agitator, no fanatic. He saw very clearly that to contravene providential methods was not the way to accomplish humane ends. He loved liberty, he desired it for all; but he also loved the union of all in national bonds, and desired for those bonds the sure guaranty of common consent and mutual good-will. He cared for the negro and cared for the white man too, and would not sacrifice the one to the other. He believed in providential methods, he believed in natural laws; he believed in moral growth; and while

working in obedience to and in harmony with those laws, he trusted in that growth, and doubted not that these combined agencies would bring about in due season the desired good.

"A good man out of the good treasure of his heart bringeth forth that which is good." What better can I say of this good man, what eulogy more fit pronounce, than when I turn upon him the light of this text and give him the full application of its simple praise? His heart was a treasure of good things, and his life a continuous utterance and disbursement of sterling coin from that golden mint. Good thoughts, great purposes, kind affections, noble sentiments, humane sympathies were in that heart, — composed the substance of that treasure — and out they came; for "if our virtues went not forth of us, it were all one as though we had them not." They did not remain mere intentions, inclinations to good, but passed into deeds and circulated among us, and formed a constituent part of the moral currency of our time. Freely he gave of the rich endowments of his nature, for freely he had received; and the gift made life more beautiful and sweet, and the future more hopeful to all who knew him. And now that he can give no more with conscious purpose and visible action, now that the opulent heart has withdrawn its funds from mortal circulation, the memory of what he gave, and what he was, remains, and through that he is still a dispenser of good.

No class of events so conflicts with our idea of the perfect order, so confuses our view of the fitness of things, as the early death, or the death in middle age, of men whose lives are the strength of the State and the hope of society. It troubles our faith to see how men who live only to bless go down at noon, while so many cumberers of the ground, so many pests of society, so many disturbers of peace and order, so many imbeciles whose life is a burden to themselves and the world, persist in living till the shades of evening deepen into night. With difficulty the heart acquiesces in divine appointment when we think of what is taken and what is left. But acquiesce it must, or lose its hold of eternal verities, — lose itself in hopeless night. And after all, if we state the matter fairly to ourselves, the real difficulty we

experience in interpreting such passages lies in our own overweening expectation. Because the great Giver has conferred a good ; we claim its continuance, and think that nature and Providence are at fault when it fails.

We wonder at what is taken ; why not rather wonder at what is given ? We find "a mysterious Providence" in the unexpected loss of a good, but no mystery at all in the bestowal of it. There is really just as much mystery in the one as in the other, and no more use, and no more benefit. For if atheism is not the interpretation of this world, then optimism must be.

A beautiful and most benign life has been suddenly brought to a close. The spirit, turned from us, and fronting its new day, casts an ominous shadow behind it. May the shadow of that death passing over us, like the shadow of the apostle over the sick at Jerusalem, bring healing through the impulse it gives to every good feeling and every right purpose, and through the admonition it whispers, to live while we live, to lay hold of our estate, which is time, with productive energy and beneficent action, not knowing how soon the current of life may stagnate in our veins, and the implements drop from our palsied hands.

And now, farewell, fellow-citizen beloved ! True patriot, wise counsellor, good and faithful servant, farewell ! Thy life has blessed us, thy memory we bless. Thine image we enshrine in grateful hearts. Thy example remains a light on our path !

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"THE love of God," saith one of old, "passeth all things for illumination." One drop of this love shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost ; one expansion of the renewed mind in pity, in forgiveness, in love to the Father, in good-will towards men, will teach us *more of what God really is* than we could learn from a thousand disquisitions upon the Divine character and attributes.  
— *The Patience of Hope.*

## CHRISTMAS, THE CHILDREN'S FESTIVAL.

BY G. E. ELLIS, D. D.

Luke II: 27. "The Child Jesus."

THE observance of a day to commemorate the Nativity of Jesus is steadily gaining a more general regard and love among all fellowships of Christians through the agency of childhood,—as a ministry to childhood. Christmas is now especially the Children's Festival. It is gathering about it a wholly new set of associations for rising generations, through the attractions and devices which have a peculiar charm for children. The little games and toys, the illustrated story-books, the trees which bear all manner of fruit—the secret preparation for the surprise of parents by presents of their own making,—these are already some of the fond, enticing delights of the season for little ones, the people of the nursery, the school-room and the parlor. Ingenuity and effort being once turned in this direction will henceforward be very fertile in inventions and attractions of the same sort. Let us make the festival more and more one for childhood. And as we are doing so, let us watch wisely and thoughtfully, the new associations, the new lessons of a religious and Christian sort, which we are stamping in young hearts. On the old but ever green stock of grace and truth by Jesus Christ, we see sprouting new shoots, vigorous with the sap of life. Let us see to it that the fruit is that of the true vine.

The opportunity is a fair one for good and holy uses in renewing pure, original Christian lessons; in getting back to the cradle of our faith again; in bringing the wisdom of the world once more represented by the old men of the East, led by a star, to bow reverently again before holy truth represented by the heavenly infant. We must take heed about these things and use our opportunity, for if we slight it, the new associations with Christmas will die out of love and holy use—as the old associations which it once had, became even offensive to large numbers of earnest and devout Christians.

It is very easy for light-minded and superficially informed persons of our times, to rail at the sternness and bigotry of our Puritan ancestry here, and in the Old World, in neglecting the observance of Christmas, and other church festivals, so-called. The word *observance* carries with it the whole mistake and misrepresentation involved in this charge, as well as the means for fair judgment on the case. *Observance* is, to you and me, a word of good meaning — almost of religious meaning. When, therefore, it is said that the Puritans neglected or forbade the *observance* of Christmas, the implied charge is, that they did not recognize its good and religious uses, its reverent and fitting regard, as did their fellow Christians of other fellowships. The falsity of this implication is apparent to every well-informed person among us. It was not the *observance* of Christmas, but its *desecration*, the impiety and vice, the gluttony and drunkenness, the utter frivolity and reckless abandonment which had come to be associated with it — that made it an offence to serious Christians. It had lost all the character, every feature and aspect, in harmony with the pure and holy name, the devout and grateful emotions which alone could give it meaning. No travelling circus with its clowns and buffoonery, no pot-house revels or vulgar debauchery, even in these days, can exceed in irreverence and indecency the scenes which were enacted in cathedral and other churches in the old Christmas time. Maskers and ruffians went at large, and the wassail bowl, not the communion cup, was their emblem. All rude jesting and rough dealing were licensed for the day. Rioting and drunkenness, — as an Act of the English Parliament informs us — filled all the jails of the kingdom. It may be convenient for some railers at the Puritans to forget these shameful excesses on the season nominally made sacred and glad as the Nativity of Christ. This, however, was the sort of *observance* which the Puritans recognized around them, and against which they protested.

The noblest composition of an uninspired pen on the "Nativity," is the Hymn of Milton. One of the grandest and most befitting elements of that glowing strain is found in



those portions of it which represent the foul agencies and representatives of the old impure idolatry as vanishing, discomfited and abashed, before the Incarnate One. It would not be difficult to indicate from the veritable chronicles of Christendom in the middle age, and even from the folk-lore and ecclesiastical usages of the time in England, that all these bestial and reeking abominations had got back again, and held their revelry at the season marking the Advent and Presence of Christ on the earth. To rail at the Puritans for "not *keeping* Christmas," is a cheap method for winking out of sight abominations which were really some of the most efficient causes of the existence, and some of the most intense provocatives of the spirit of Puritanism.

There are those in Christendom, to-day, and their number is steadily increasing, who, either traditionally through their Puritan descent, or by resolute, independent convictions of their own intelligence and principle, still withstand all ecclesiastical edicts and usurpations. They have protested long and stoutly enough against church fables and impositions, to be at liberty now to weigh on their own merits all observances and usages proposed to their regard. In this way, Christendom in its Unity, including all its folds, is ready to entertain afresh the matter of a meet observance of the Nativity of Jesus Christ. Only now, it must be an *observance*, not by any means excluding, nay, rather largely including, mirth and jollity, delights and pleasures, yet keeping hold in heart and thought, of its holy baptismal name—the sweet guest from a pure heaven whom it welcomes to sinful earth. Better disuse the day than desecrate the Name, or forget its meaning. Undoubtedly, in our ignorance of the day in all the year in which the infant Christ was born, some one Sabbath would be the most fitting occasion for its special religious commemoration, just as Easter Sunday is chosen to commemorate the Resurrection; then the next secular day might be the Festival. For there is a rule of fitness about such things, and we must regard it, or we lose grace and blessing. The neglect of this rule of fitness, and not any lack of Christian gratefulness or heart piety, as we have just seen, caused

several generations of the most loyal disciples of Jesus Christ whom the world has ever known, to shrink even with horror from what was called, in their day, the *observance* of Christmas. And now, if through the ministry of childhood, the festival, purified and renewed in consecration, is coming back to general regard and love again, let it be by that rule of fitness. To a certain extent it is regarded now. Our national holidays come in and go out with senseless clatter and noise from bells and artillery, from crackers and fireworks. Grown people hardly know what to do with themselves on those days, and they sigh for the wilderness. Christmas spares us those direful inflictions. It has also another class even of domestic associations than has Thanksgiving Day. But now that Christmas, in thousands of young hearts and minds, that are to be mature when we are dead, is stamping its impressions, whether of mere insensate jollity or a greed for gifts, or of some vague but precious religious wonderings, let us have reverent regard for that rule of fitness in observance.

"The child Jesus" should consecrate the children's Christmas. His name or image, his truth or love, should go with every gift or toy, every game and pleasure, every life-long association of early, happy years of home and friends, connected with the day. This is one of the opportunities for doing, by fair indirectness of purpose, and of doing lovingly through the affections, what may perhaps never after be done to as good purpose or with such ease again. Christianity had its own cradle, and it begins its ministry in cradles. Its highest apostle loved to think of himself, old, invalided, time and travel-worn as he was, as still "a babe in Christ." We, all of us, have had a childhood. And what peace, what renewal of fair and sweet delights, and simple joys and easy efforts, *come back*, as we *look back*, as we *feel back* into its lighted shadows of forgetfulness and memory. What is best in us now was implanted then. What is worst in us now might most easily have been hindered then, and came in from slight or error there. And childhood was for us, in thought and feeling, very like to what the gospel record relates, and what

it holds back, of the infancy and childhood of Jesus: the most real part of our lives, yet the most misty; crowded with the fondest yet the vaguest images — a period when the struggle whether we belonged to earth or heaven was decided for the time in favor of the earth, leaving the claim of heaven to us in abeyance for awhile, to be asserted yet again.

Childhood must have its portion, with manhood and age, from the grace, and love, and guardianship of Christ. And the lessons and influences of a professedly Christian sort addressed to children, need especially to be, however simple in the mode of teaching, yet of the pure, true substance of sincere Christian religion. It matters less what we are taught when we are older; for then we have a great many, if contradicting, yet mutually corrective teachers: and we can then, also, teach ourselves, learn for ourselves. But, whoever has the first training of the fond, clinging instinct of faith in a child, the sentiment of awe and trust, should address to it only what is honest and holy. There are so many real and true things which are grand, and beautiful, and engaging, and wonderful, that we may raise a grave doubt whether, for the sake, as is pleaded, of cultivating the imagination and fancy, it is wise or right to offer fables of any kind to a child. But, in religious teaching, in using the cream or the fresh dew that lies glistening for children on all Bible and divine sanctities, let us be sure that the earliest lessons, which are longest remembered, be held true and holy for life. The sceptics of manhood, the scoffing and the indifferent of mature years, are often only thus resenting the wrongs visited upon their early confidence and trust in childhood.

This counsel is to be remembered in all the games and festivities and associations for life which children connect with Christmas. The name of Christ attached to a day or to a festival, will not alone consecrate it. And, wherever the name of Christ is used in vain, his own new commandment is broken. We have become so accustomed to giving children toy-imitations of real things, the mocking counterfeits of what we use and value ourselves, that we may readily be tempted to carry the device too far, and to give them only the semblances

and fantasies of religious truths. The toy-doll, even if by mechanism it can cry or walk, the puppet-sheep, or bird, or horse, the trinket-watch, may have enough of actual truthfulness about them, to educate eye and hand and mind on to the knowledge and use of the real things which they represent. But, let us remember that there are no toy-truths of religion. Nothing is more mocking, nothing more offensive, at least to young persons just passing out of childhood (and children, in their own opinion, do that before we think so), than the feeble and affected addresses which are often made to them in the name of religion. The poor, silly stories, the bug-bears, the flat and soulless exhortations addressed to children to make them good, often exceed the bounds of simple stupidity, only to trench on those of falsehood and irreverence.

In a very early Christian age an attempt was made by some well-meaning but unwise fabler to familiarize children with the child Jesus. This curious effort of falsehood or fiction to serve the truth, is found in an ancient apocryphal writing called "The Gospel of the Infancy." It invents scenes and incidents, all of a wondrous character, weak and fond, sometimes offensive, sometimes suggestive and pleasing—to fill out what the chaste dignity and reserve of our Four Gospels has left to reverent imaginings. Jesus, at the work-bench of Joseph, is represented as using a skill beyond his years. He makes implements for play or use for young companions. He fashions little birds of clay and makes them alive so that they fly. He performs little feats of marvel to raise a wonder. Indeed we can only be surprised that the writer of this Gospel of the Infancy when setting his imagination to act on so rich a field and theme, showed such poverty of inventiveness. For the child Jesus is certainly a suggestive theme for a devout poetic fancy. The spell which nature and humanity, life and the works of God, the heavens and all growing and moving things of earth, throw over the musings of childhood, might, with eyes and a soul kindled to higher and deeper visionings than those of our common humanity, afford material for legend or for sober relation—if one had congenial power to deal with it.

Two simple sentences, written in one of our Gospels concerning "the child Jesus" — have in them matter for affectionate and intelligent interest for children. It is written of him, that "he was subject to his parents," and that "as he grew in stature, he increased in wisdom, and in favor with God and man."

"He was subject to his parents." Child of God, as beyond all others born into this world he was, he was none the less an obedient, confiding, and loving inmate of the earthly home where he was nurtured. Would that all parents, or even those only who call themselves Christians, were so wise and true, so worthy of implicit obedience from their children, that the duty of filial subjection might be taught with absolute assurance that a blessing would follow from it to all children. But this is one of many instances in which we are hindered from securing the highest good to others whom we influence, only because we are unworthy to exert it. Yet nothing could tend to make parents more scrupulous and conscientious in their control of their children, than the thought, that with that absolute right of theirs goes also the most momentous duty of its wise and faithful discharge. In some homes this power of parents is utterly trifled away; in other homes it is deliberately surrendered to self-willed children.

That other Gospel sentence concerning the child Jesus is crowded with suggestive lessons, and with matter for devout musings of thought, alike for young children, and for full grown men and women. It is written "that as Jesus increased in stature, he increased in wisdom and in favor with God and man." And what does that mean? And what intimations of far more than is said lie hidden in the sentence? That sentence may stand by itself — charged with the secret of a matter, on which as the fruit of speculation and faith, Christians have written libraries of books, and thought out a hundred-fold more than has been written. The question is as to the respective parts of heaven and of earth, of Divine Inspiration and of human teaching in the education of Jesus. Can we use that word education about him? When he was

about thirty years old, he had become fitted to teach the whole world, if not more than it knew before, yet to teach it to better purpose, and with an ever helping and saving efficacy of power and sanctity. And who taught Him? From whom did he learn? Whence had he, as a man, that wisdom, so that no one ever spoke as he did? Was his a progressive, accumulating wisdom — out-learning, correcting while it gathered and made sure of its new materials? Was book learning all or any part of it?

The mystery seems the same in kind, though it may differ largely in degree, about the development from childhood in every case. How is it that as we increase in stature we increase in wisdom? And what are the parts respectively which earth and heaven, human teachers and Divine contribute in our education? From above come air and all skyey influences. Thence come the fluids too rare for the earth, thence the subtle electric forces which play with our nerves and tissues, brain and senses, and seem to have a mysterious agency for our higher being, as they control our moods, and imaginings, and aspirations. From the earth comes our grosser sustenance: our food, and our two sorts of embodiment, our corporal flesh and our clothing. From God comes inspiration: from man knowledge: and wisdom is the combination of both. So do we increase. As to what we call in our days, science and abstruse learning, the world had but little of that to offer to Jesus, nor would even all that we have of that sort now, have given him one tittle of power for the hearts and spirits of men, either then or to-day. Human teachers did less for him than for other gifted pupils, and God did for him more. His was the Spirit without measure. Yet the record tells us that he had a growth, a development; that he attained, that he acquired. His growth, unlike ours, was that of ever gaining, without ever losing. We have lost something which we had in childhood, and one of our richest gains will be to get that back again — as the condition of a mature discipleship of Jesus. There was nothing for Jesus to *outgrow*, to overcome, to eradicate, to correct, in the elements of his outer, or of his inner life. This painful and



humbling, but most exacting process in our education, after we have passed middle-life, and are set to the sternest task of spiritual renewal, shows what we have acquired or grown into of evil and error, as we left our childhood behind us. There was no place or occasion for this *outgrowing*, or over coming, in the increase of Jesus. There is no token in the record, no fact or incident in his manifestation which indicates that the strengthening of his spiritual wisdom, or the gatherings of his grace and truth came in any measure from the correcting discipline of struggle and conscience. He who, when he knelt in prayer to his Father in heaven had no occasion to express penitence, nor to ask forgiveness for fault or frailty, for shortcoming or failure, could certainly have no occasion of apology to men for misleading teaching or imperfect example. The ingenuity which has sought to find in the Gospel record the evidence of a progressive out growth by Jesus, of Jewish limitations, errors and prejudices, must fancifully invent what it seeks. The fact, of which our knowledge comes from himself — that he communicated truth as his hearers were able to bear it, is strangely perverted when the method of such teaching is used to show that he himself learned truth only by corrective processes.

The unsophisticated minds of children are as likely to deal adequately with this theme, as are the ingenuities and theorizings of critical men. Certainly there is material in the childhood of Jesus which will yield fitting instruction and interest for consecrating his Nativity for children. The Child in the Manger-cradle was the Man on the Cross. Let the sacred lessons of his Incarnation and Manifestation cover both scenes and all between them.

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THE blossom of early hope falls off, the fruit of performance does not ripen perfectly ; it is the green initial, the will, *that which we would fain be*, which Christ looks for, and, coming, desires to find. — *A Present Heaven.*



## CHRIST AND INSPIRATION.

THE structure of the Bible is one proof of its Divine original. Though composed of sixty-six different books, written "at sundry times and in divers manners," during a period of well-nigh two thousand years, it is nevertheless one continuous growth, as truly as any of the giant trees of California, which from a tender sapling has grown through thousands of years to become a monarch of the forest. Its opening chapters describe the Paradise lost, with the tree of life shut off from the approach of guilty man; its closing chapters describe the Paradise regained, with its tree of life open to all nations, bearing twelve manner of fruits, yielding her fruit every month, and the leaves of the tree for the healing of the nations: and all its intervening portions show a continual unfolding of one great idea. Its histories and prophecies, its poetry, precept, and ceremonial, are living parts of one homogeneous whole.

It is not difficult to see wherein the unity of the Bible consists. Its central point is the person of Jesus Christ; its main subject is the kingdom of Christ and of God. It is no ordinary history of a people or nation, but a history of the kingdom of God in the world of man. To set forth this, is its ruling, all-comprehensive purpose. As in some grand oratorio, there runs one idea worked out through all the changes of measure and key, at one time breathed in gentlest whispers, and at another breaking forth, in loud, melodious unison, growing clearer and clearer as the work proceeds, again and again taking up the key with which it began, and at length ending in full chorus of complete triumphant harmony, so throughout the whole Bible there runs the one grand idea of the coming kingdom of God in the person of Jesus Christ, its visible King and Lord. Jesus Christ is the key-note of the Scriptures from their beginning to their close. Dimly promised to our first parents; more clearly foretold to Abraham; represented by type and symbol in the manifold ceremonies of the Mosaic ritual; prefigured in the pillar of fire

and the cloud of glory, in the tabernacle and the temple; his promised genealogical descent verified in the seemingly dry and barren records of the Chronicles; the Redeemer whom Job longed to see, that He might rectify the disorders of the world; the coming King, acknowledged and adored by David; the glorified Lord of all seen by the enraptured Isaiah, revealed to Ezekiel as enthroned upon the cherubim in the likeness of man, but as with the brightness of fire; the Son of Man whom Daniel saw in the night-visions, and to whom was given dominion and glory and a kingdom, that all people, nations, and languages should serve him, — this great idea of the coming King and Redeemer grows clearer and clearer, until, after long waiting and expectation, the full harmony breaks forth in the song of the angels over the fields of Bethlehem, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."

The Bible is the progressive revelation of the coming Christ, the book of the revelation of the Son of God. "The prophecies," says Leighton, "look forward to the times of the gospel; and the things then fulfilled look back to the prophecies, and each confirms the other, meeting all in Christ, who is their truth and centre, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." And again he says: "The two Testaments are like the two cherubim over the mercy-seat, these had their faces one toward the other and both toward the mercy-seat. So the two Testaments look to one another, in their doctrine agreeing perfectly; and both look to Christ, the true mercy-seat, and the great subject of the Scriptures." No new Bible, no additional revelation is needed; but only a true understanding of the Bible we already have, and a faithful application of its exhaustless grace and truth to our necessities and wants. We need, indeed, the gospel of the spirit, but of that spirit which shall interpret for us the gospel of the written word. The office of the spirit is to glorify Christ; and that spirit which does not glorify Christ, the Lord, is not the promised spirit of holiness and of truth.

The unity of the Bible in its relation to Christ is to our mind one of the strongest proofs that it is given by inspiration

of God. Some who are sceptical with regard to the Bible as being the word of God to man, are wont to put certain difficulties in the way, which they say must be removed before they can believe in it. They ask such questions as these: "How do you reconcile the first chapter of Genesis with the facts of geology or astronomy? How do you reconcile the vindictive expressions found here and there in the Psalms with the law of Christian love? How do you reconcile discrepancies of historical statement? or, what is to become of the tribes of men that never have heard of Christ?" They say they cannot become Christians, or believe in the inspiration of the Scriptures, until these and other like questions are answered. Now, there is no objection to any amount of investigation on these and other connected themes. The Bible invites to itself the most searching inquiry; but for those who are inclined to stumble at these difficulties, it would be wiser and better if they would first give their attention to the Bible as a revelation of the Lord Jesus Christ.

First, believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. Search the Scriptures, because they testify of him, and you will believe that the book which tells you of him is the word of life; you will see all its parts in their true accord; you will see them in their relation to that central light; your difficulties will vanish, whether you can explain them or not; you will not on account of them doubt that the Bible is the light of truth to the world any more than, because of occasional obscurations on the sun in the heavens, you doubt that the Maker of all designed the sun to be the source of natural light to the world. These obscurations and these difficulties are equally a part of the Divine plan. Look at the Bible in view of the purpose for which it was given you, as a revelation of God in Christ to reconcile you to himself, and you will either find an answer to all your questionings, or these will no more trouble you. Faith in Christ is the solvent which will show you a harmony amid all apparent discords, a unity amid all the manifold diversities both in the word and works of God. In Jesus Christ, and by faith in him, all your seeming contradictions will be reconciled and removed.

The Bible does not need the help of learned interpretation or profound investigation in order to evince to every candid mind the marks of its Divine reason and unerring right. It has indeed its depths of mysteries beyond our power to fathom. Else we might doubt whether it came from the all-wise God. But it also is plain to him who is willing to understand it, and easy to him who desires to find knowledge. Inspired by the Spirit of God, it speaks to the heart of man, awakens him to a consciousness of his immortal worth and destiny, and proffers him eternal life in the knowledge and love of Christ the Lord. As the outward world of nature, with its unceasing regularity, order, and grandeur, impresses the soul with a sense of the unspeakable power, wisdom, and glory of Him from whom it proceeded, so does the moral order of the kingdom of God as set forth in the Scriptures impress the soul with the wisdom, power, and grace of Him who is Maker and Lord both of heaven and of earth. As a grand work of nature, like Mont Blanc or Niagara, or of human art, like the Madonna of Raphael, needs only to be looked at in order to awaken wonder and reverence in every soul not utterly stupid and insensible; so does the precious volume of the revelation of the Son of God affect every soul that yields submissively to its influence with a deep, abiding impression of its superhuman, superearthy power and truth, and that too in spite of the obscurities of particular passages, or the difficulties which rise to a criticising spirit: and even these disappear, if we keep in view the purpose for which the sacred books were given us; *viz.*, to tell us of him who came to be our Saviour and our Lord.

E. R.

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It is not death but faith that must conduct us to heaven; for it is faith only that can conduct us to love. Death may, indeed, admit to the immediate presence of the Almighty, but it is through faith and love that His presence is made unto us the fulness of joy. — *A Present Heaven.*

## SPIRIT OF THE RELIGIOUS PRESS.

—The "Christian Register" has published the sermon preached before the late Western Conference, at Chicago, by Rev. Alfred P. Putnam. His text was the words of Christ: "My yoke is easy, and my burden is light;" and his object was to show why so "large a proportion of the people hold no direct relations with any Christian church or denomination." He thinks that no presentation of Christianity can have a lasting hold on the race, if it does not offer "an easy and welcome dispensation, a blessed relief, a glorious delight. If it prove a yoke that is hard to be worn, a burden which it is heavy to bear, . . . it cannot be true and will come to nought." Orthodoxy is such a yoke and burden. In its doctrines of the Trinity, of the moral nature of man, and of future retribution, he finds causes which "alienate from Christianity, and from Christian institutions, thousands on thousands of those who might otherwise be readily won in sympathy and affection to the better life and the sacred fold." He thinks there will be a great revival in the church, if the multitudes have offered to them "a rational, cheerful, genial, inspiring faith," which shall teach that "character is more than creed; practice nobler than profession; service better than ceremony;" which shall "emphasize the value of the deep instincts and intuitions of the soul," and shall maintain that, "in the ultimate consummation of things, good, and good alone, shall befall the great family of the infinite Father."

We have nothing to say in defence of orthodox views of Trinity, depravity, or retribution; but the logic that runs through this discourse is somewhat worthy of notice. It requires that there should be fewer persons in a Unitarian or Universalist community, who hold no relation with any Christian church, than in an Orthodox community. Notoriously, the fact is exactly the other way. The objections to the doctrines above enumerated, are felt more by a bookish man in his library, than by the mass of the people. Where these see a sect that is alive and earnest, preaching a religion that is something more than *easy*, and *welcome*, and *genial*, and urging it upon all as the one thing needful, and the most momentous reality of life, the great body of the people are enlisted with that sect in spite of its theological errors. In any community where only such a religion is preached, in the whole-hearted-

ness of Christian zeal and love, the number of those who stand aloof is very small. Here and there you will find one offended by the knotty points of the creed ; but what do most persons care for the knotty points of the creed ? They are swayed by Christian earnestness and sympathy, and by a conviction of the infinite importance and necessity of religion. Into such a community, the advent of one who preaches an *easy, welcome, and genial* religion, is the advent of indifference ; the advent of neglect of religious institutions ; and the history of a hundred towns proves this to be true.

Why should it not be so? Can we expect men to go to church merely for what is easy and genial? Will they make sacrifices to build churches, and support religious institutions, merely for what is easy and genial? Men do not gather grapes from thorns, nor figs from thistles. *Con Dio non si scherza*, as the Italians say. Our relation to Him is for a higher purpose than to make us feel easy and genial.

Undoubtedly the gospel yoke was easy compared with the Jewish ; but to make easiness of belief a presumption of the truth, is to put the stronger argument into the hands of the less believing party, till finally we come to no belief at all. There is such a thing as making the burden so light that men will think it has no weight worth lifting. Especially, where they are directly told that, in the ultimate consummation of things, nothing but good shall come, is it not natural for them to conclude that, after all, they need take no very strenuous pains?

It therefore seems to us that the style of preaching, of which this sermon is an example, — the *animus* of this discourse, — does far more to foster an indifference to religious institutions, than all the causes which it enumerates. The *animus* referred to, is found not only in a considerable portion of the Unitarian and Universalist sects, but it is in much of our modern literature, and is more or less diffused through the moral atmosphere which all breathe. It represents religion as identical with sentimental aspects of nature, with poetic feeling, and with a love of what we think is rational, easy, genial, and delightful : but it prompts to little self-denial ; it sees but little need of the cross, and seldom brings out the inquiry, in the anguish of self-conviction, What shall I do to be saved?

How the preaching that “ character is more than creed, prac-



tice nobler than profession, and service better than ceremony," is likely to fill up the churches, and produce "a great revival," we do not exactly comprehend. Quite on the contrary, we think that the way in which these antitheses are generally understood, is much more likely to check all revivals, and to empty the churches. Not that we fail to see a truth in the above assertions; but they are oftener uttered to the encouragement of laxity and indifference. As little can we understand how the "emphasizing the value of the deep instincts and intuitions of the soul," can lead to a wider interest in an objective, positive Christian faith.

From our brother, whom we followed with our sympathies and friendly wishes to his new sphere of labor, we had expected different words from these — more discrimination of statement, more logical connection of ideas, a juster comprehension of the vital need of our times, and a profounder sense of the necessity of a clearly defined evangelical faith.

— The last Philadelphia "Baptist Quarterly Review," has an interesting article on the Manuscripts of the New Testament. We copy a few paragraphs relating to their number and distribution:

"The number of extant MSS. of the New Testament, is estimated at about two thousand. Yet this general statement would be likely to mislead the reader, if it were not qualified by explanations. The number of MSS. of the *entire* New Testament is but a very small fraction of this large aggregate. There are not quite thirty, which can be said, even in a loose and general sense, to contain the whole New Testament; and less than twenty-five which are without any gaps or omissions. In fact, there is only one uncial manuscript which is absolutely entire. And of the score and more of cursives reputed to contain the whole, several have hardly been collated with sufficient thoroughness to assure us that there may not be a leaf or two wanting. The copies containing the Gospels are much more numerous than those containing the other portions of the New Testament. They amount to about six hundred and thirty-five, of which thirty-four are uncials. If all the fragments, some of them amounting to no more than a few verses, were included, and the two hundred and forty Evangelistaria (fifty-eight uncial and about one hundred and eighty cursive) were added, the total number of MSS. of the Gospels



would amount to nearly one thousand, or about one-half of the whole.

“As to the local distribution of these precious documents, they have been flowing into Europe from the various parts of the East ever since the revival of letters; and now the great majority of them are gathered into the public libraries of the principal capitals. Scrivener gives a catalogue of eleven hundred and seventy separate MSS., of which the place of about forty is now unknown. About one hundred are in the Turkish empire, principally in Palestine and Egypt; and all the rest, more than one thousand in number, are in the different countries of Europe. Italy has three hundred and twenty, of which more than half are in Rome, and more than one hundred in the Vatican Library. Nearly fifty are in Florence, about the same number are in Venice, and about twenty are in Turin. Of the scattered remnant, Naples has nine, Modena six, Messina two, and Bologna, Parma, Palermo, and Syracuse, one each. England has two hundred and fifty, which are more widely distributed than those of any other country. More than one hundred are in Oxford (about sixty in the Bodleian Library), seventy-five belong to the British Museum in London, twenty-four are in the archiepiscopal library at Lambeth Palace, nineteen in the different libraries connected with the universities and colleges at Cambridge, seventeen are in the collection of Hon. Robert Curzon of Parham Park, in Sussex, and the rest are distributed between five or six different places. If we add seven for Scotland (six in Glasgow and one in Edinburgh), and three for Ireland (all in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin), the total number in the United Kingdom will be two hundred and sixty. France has two hundred and thirty-eight, of which all but ten are in the Imperial Library in Paris, which has more than twice as large a collection of printed books and pamphlets (one million four hundred thousand), and more than thrice as many manuscripts, as any other library in the world. Germany has ninety, divided between the cities of Vienna (twenty-eight), Munich (twenty-seven), Hamburg (six), Dresden (five), Wolfenbittel (five), Berlin (three), Gottingen (two), Pesth (two), Treves (two), and half-a-dozen other cities which have one each. Russia has seventy-three, of which Moscow has about fifty, and St. Petersburg all the rest, except one at Odessa. Spain has nineteen, all, except one, in the library of the Escorial Palace, at Madrid. The solitary one is at Toledo. Switzerland has fourteen, eight in Basle, three

n St. Gall, two in Geneva, and one in Zurich. Holland has six, five at Leyden, and one at Utrecht. Denmark has three, all at Copenhagen. Sweden has one at Upsal."

— Dr. Bartol, with the eye of a poet, cannot take his walk out to Longwood, without finding in very prosaic things, illustrations of spiritual truth. In his address last summer to the graduating class of the Cambridge Divinity school, he says :

"Obstructionists might find a lesson in the fortunes of a certain Boston toll-house, which, while other bridges and avenues were thrown open, still remained and stood long stiffly at the brink of the waters on its western hem. But as the cars, like shuttles on a weaver's beam rattled to and fro, and out of the smoke of their battle with nature, sifted gravel for new foundations into the stream, how nimbly the little structure none could pass scot free, shifted its place ! Betimes blocks of building began to rise and push hard upon its second position ; and how prudently it pulled up its stakes again ! Further yet, with unrelenting step, the piles were driven, and the sea-wall advanced into the tide, which back of the city is both river and bay. Blackstone's island became main land ; and now the rather stingy-looking hut for the receipt of customs from the traveller is fairly shoved out of town ; only lingering at the crossing of some country roads to be soon abolished altogether, and Boston be open freely on all hands. So the guard-house shall move from every avenue of intelligence. So free thought has had its paths opened. So before free religion all the confinements of fixed conclusions must give way. So the peninsulas of sect must become main land of the moral commonwealth."

— Our readers know that a new Orthodox newspaper has lately been started at Chicago, called "The Advance." In receiving it among our exchanges, we must express our sincere gratification at its earnest and generous tone. A little sly fun now and then breaks out amid its more sober articles ; and in view of recent Western attempts to set aside some ministers for their small faith, the following article on the "Size of Seeds," has its significance :

"What if a discussion were raised upon the necessary size of seeds ; as to how large a germ must be, to be a true seed ? A venerable farmer, who has spent his life in raising pumpkins and squashes, might be supposed to insist that nothing should be re-

cognized as vital, which is less than one inch long and half an inch broad. Another, more familiar with peaches, might argue that a little reduction should be allowed in the breadth, provided it were surrounded with a sufficiently rough and hard shell. A third, whose experience was with peas, would suggest that if perfectly round and very dry, a further diminution should be conceded. A cultivator of Indian corn might charitably hope that a degree of flatness would not be deemed totally inconsistent with seminal life. The liberal views of the raiser of wheat and other small grains would descend to still minuter forms. Thus, according to their special observation and opportunities of experiment, would men reason, till the practical microscopist would astonish his predecessors, and be accounted quite a heretic for asserting that millions of seeds, too minute to be detected by the naked eye, float in the air and give rise to growths, which are none the less real and important because smaller than pumpkins.

“Such a supposition is ludicrous, and even absurd. But is it less so than the attempt which men sometimes make to define the size of spiritual seeds; to decide upon the minimum of truth and grace which can possibly imply regeneration? If no one could tell *a priori* how minute a particle of matter the Creator could endow with seminal vitality so as to allow of development into a vegetable organism, how could he any better affirm how small a degree of knowledge is consistent with the principles of goodness in the soul, and with final development into the eternal life of a saint? Yet theologians will dogmatize in respect to this matter, and assure men that none can be saved — even through the efficacy of Christ's blood, which was shed for the world, and the inworking of the Holy Spirit, which has access to the dullest and darkest minds — unless there be a special amount of doctrinal truth in the intellect. But happily neither reason nor scripture thus limit the divine grace.”

— We doubt if there ever was a religious assembly that came together amid so great hopes, and separated with so small practical results, as the late so-called “Pan-Anglican Council.” The secular English press has referred to it in terms of derision, while the notices of the religious journals, both in England and America, have been far from flattering. The vagueness of the Letter it sent to the churches, afforded some mirth to an Episcopal friend, who said it reminded him of Archbishop Whateley's criticism of a ser-

mon, — that it aimed at nothing, and hit it. We cut the following sensible and moderate article from the "New York Methodist": —

"The spirit of the assembly seems to have been, generally, brotherly and temperate, though evasive. It failed not to sympathize with what seems to us to be the next great idea of Christendom — namely, catholic unity. It failed, however, to perceive the right side, or phase, of this coming idea. It proposed ecclesiastical, rather than moral, unity. The former is impracticable and futile; it might be, indeed, disastrous. Moral unity must, at least, precede any ecclesiastical consolidation. The advocates of Christian union seem to us to fail egregiously in their policy. They put "the horse behind the cart." There can be no sober hope of better ecclesiastical alliances till there is a better spiritual fellowship among the dissident bodies of Christendom. The Pan-Anglican Council laments the divisions of Protestantism, and proposes unity, but only on its own notions of the "Apostolic, undivided Church," which means, of course, its own dogmas about apostolic succession, ordination, sacramental validity, and especially the invalidity of nearly all the Protestant ministries of the world, except its own. This is every whit as absurd as the proposition of the good Baptist, whose sovereign specific for all the divisions of Protestantism was a universal consent to be immersed. These prelates seem not to be aware of their own proportionate valuation in the Protestantism of the age. Those from America represent a numerically insignificant fraction of the Christianity of this country. The colonial ones are equally insignificant by the side of the Methodistic and other "dissenting" bodies of their respective fields. The British delegates represent an actual minority of British Protestantism. Besides these invincible mathematical facts, their peculiar pretensions of apostolic validity and authority are peremptorily rejected by the common-sense and Christian conscience of the age. Never will there be Christian union, with them at least, till these effete and proscriptive dogmas are cast aside. Will they never perceive this obvious fact?

"Methodism, as the leading body of Anglican and Anglo-American Protestantism, has no such exclusive pretensions; it is the most liberal evangelical Church on the globe in its terms of communion. It is, probably, to have an extraordinary agency in the practical solution of the problem of Protestant reunion. It is this Church that should hold, in London, a "Pan-Anglican," or, more

properly, a Pan-Methodist Council. We should like to see one follow that of Lambeth. We believe that great good would come of it, and that its resultant power on Christendom would entirely eclipse that of the late prelatial assembly, and command something better than sarcasm from the British press."

— The "New York Independent," in noticing the Report of the proceedings of the so-called Free Religionists, at their meeting in this city last May, with extremely good temper considers the question, what it is possible for this movement to effect? The spirit of the article will be inferred from the following extracts:

"But what work can it undertake? To push a system of opinions would be against its principles; and, in view of the speculative differences, would be absurd. It cannot devote itself to enterprises of reform; for these individualities would differ in views of reform as much as in views of theology. It cannot send out lecturers or preachers; for what lecturers or preachers could be agreed on? It cannot print tracts, or publish books; for what books or tracts would be acceptable to the managers? Books and tracts must represent beliefs; and beliefs excite more jealousy than anything else. It cannot publish a paper; for a paper must have an editor, who must have opinions again; and of whose opinions should the paper be the organ? The situation is desperate, except for men who are willing to wait till opinions are enough in solution to combine by chemical affinities.

"After an exciting public meeting on some momentous crisis, a perturbed friend, accosting the venerable Josiah Quincy, said: 'Pray, sir, what is to be the result of all this?' 'I can tell you, sir,' replied Mr. Quincy; 'the result will be a large pamphlet.' The Free Religious Association have produced in six months a pamphlet — a very handsome and interesting pamphlet, to be sure, but only a pamphlet — price thirty cents. Well, pamphlets have done admirable work ere now. They are winged words, that fly far and swiftly. This pamphlet will, however, tell no more than this — that there are many able and earnest men and women who are trying to make bricks without straw. Organization implies the relinquishment of freedom; and they who make freedom their principle must be content to remain unorganized. Perhaps the Free Religionists can live out of doors. But why, then, try house-building?"

## RANDOM READINGS.

## THE LAST MONTH OF THE YEAR.

THE shadows lengthen and deepen as we write, on one of the last of the November days. What light remains in the sky seems to be much obscured, and is bright only for a few moments at noon-tide. The year is preparing for death and burial. The white robe hangs in the sky ready to fall and cover the withering, stiffening earth. And yet, somehow, the fire that dies out of the world about us blazes up all the more warmly within us. Our life is worth more, spite of all outward limitations, in these dark, cold days, than when Summer offers all her treasures of beauty and seeming opportunity. Can it be that the world's abundance suffices not for nature and for man?—that if we would have a summer and harvest for the spirit, we must be straitened in the flesh? "The grass withereth," saith Scripture, "but the Word remaineth." "All flesh is grass;" but the Word is that Divine Nature of which we are lovingly made partakers.

So we go bravely into the shadows, and that, too, even when the closing weeks of the year are not without special anxieties and more than ordinary griefs. The times are not what we commonly call good. The prospect for a settlement of the Nation upon a sure, because a true foundation is not, for the present, encouraging. The balance is on the wrong side of the ledgers of merchants and manufacturers. We are beginning, at last, to have a realizing sense of pay-day; and, what is worse than all, there are some, not many we hope, who are casting about for excuses which may palliate a repudiation of plain obligations. The year, moreover, has been drawing towards its close under deep clouds of public bereavement, so deep that we should almost have been justified in making this December Number of the "Religious Magazine," altogether, what it largely is, a Memorial Number. And yet, as we say, these shadows need not dishearten any; they should rather be the occasions for renewals of the inward fire, that the light may blaze forth from the everlasting hiding-place in man's soul. As the sun of this world goes down the true Day-spring shines forth, and the church of Christ celebrates its Advent



season and proclaims everywhere that the kingdom of heaven is at hand, still drawing nearer through clouds of ignorance and prejudice, and over stumbling-blocks of sin ; the good with a hearty will and purpose, the bad, in spite of themselves, helping forward the Divine Movement. This year, also, has been crowned with goodness by the Hand which is only stretched forth to bless, whether in giving or taking, whether in healing or in wounding. If we have used it rightly, we are more established than ever before in Him whose days and whose merciful works are without end, and having this everlasting life, we cannot be saddened by the swift flight of the months. Let us write a bright record on the few remaining pages of our Year-Books, and gather up the fragments that remain, and, if it be possible, enter upon the New Time in peace with all, as the children of Him who, in Christ, has forgiven us transgressions manifold.

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#### RAILWAY TO JERUSALEM.

IN the April number of "Petermann's Geographical Miscellany,"—a valuable monthly summary of voyages and discoveries in all parts of the world, amazing in its fulness and its accuracy,—the long-talked-of project of a railway to Jerusalem is seriously discussed, and a survey of five routes, by a resident of Jerusalem, is given on a carefully prepared map, marking all the inequalities of surface from Jaffa to the Holy City. The writer of the communication believes the building of the railway to be possible, in spite of the discouraging physical difficulties, and treats it almost as an accomplished fact. Yet his description of the way and the work will hardly induce prudent capitalists to invest in it. There are several objections that may be urged. In the first place, so long as Syria remains a Turkish province, it will be impossible to get the right of way. The Turkish Government will negative any project which gives foreigners easier access to their dominions, and so open the path of foreign conquest. They will not allow a foreign company to get such a foothold on the soil as the three millions spent upon this road would give them. To allow an alien company such right in the land, such virtual control over transit and commerce, would be really to abdicate sovereignty.



The charter granted by the Viceroy of Egypt to the Suez Canal is not a precedent by which the Sultan will be guided. The Suez Canal is a great commercial enterprise, and assists Egypt by bringing trade closer and leaving heavy tolls in the treasury. But the Jerusalem railway will have no such return to the government. It is not intended to be, and it never can be, a thoroughfare for traffic. Jerusalem is the end of the road, not a station on a great highway to Arabia or India. To grant the right of way from the sea to the Mosque of Omar would be to give foreigners virtual control of one of the holiest of Moslem shrines, with no corresponding benefit to the Turkish nation.

In the second place, the capital to build such a railway will not be easily secured. The peoples most interested in building it are precisely those who have no money to spare for such a purpose. Pilgrims come in great numbers from Spain, Italy, Austria, Greece, Russia, Asia Minor, and the regions farther east; but these nations cannot be expected to aid largely in railway enterprises beyond their own borders. Protestant nations have nothing to spend in mere works of piety. It may be said that the Jerusalem railway is not a mere work of piety, but is to be classed with the railways to watering-places and centres of resort, — to Saratoga, Newport, and the Lakes of Killarney, — and that shrewd men will build a road anywhere where there is travel, without regard to the purpose of the journey. Will not such a convenience immensely increase the number, not merely of those who go to kneel at the shrines, but of those who go to see the city? The railway will not be for pilgrims so much as for travellers who have money to spend. But the number of travellers in Palestine, supposing it to be tenfold greater than at present, will at no season of the year be large enough to pay the running expenses of the road, much less the interest on its cost. From June to October, the intense heat and unhealthiness will keep visitors away; and during the winter and spring, when the company is largest, it will be ridiculously disproportioned to the accommodation for their transit. To maintain the road respectably, and secure an interest of six per cent on its probable cost, would imply an average receipt of \$1,500, or \$2,000 a day for three hundred days of the year; and it is impossible that any such income as that can be realized from all the freight and passengers that will pass from the sea to the hills and back again. Comparatively few of the

pilgrims will avail themselves of the expensive luxury ; and the pilgrim season, too, is over in four or five weeks. To support the road, half a dozen monthly steamers of various lines must land their passengers at Jaffa.

Then, again, it will be matter of extreme difficulty to protect the road and to keep it in repair. For half the distance, at least, it must be built across ravines, along the slopes of steep hills, with massive viaducts, bridges, walled embankments, very sharp curves, and very high grades. From Jaffa to the Damascus Gate there is a rise of more than twenty-five hundred feet in perpendicular distance ; and this is mainly within the last twenty miles of the way. To climb this by steady ascent would give a grade of more than one hundred feet to the mile ; but the difficulty is greatly increased by the succession of ravines, across and along which the way must pass. The engrossing difficulties in the Alleghany and Rocky Mountains are insignificant compared with those in these Judean hills. The slopes everywhere show with what force the torrents come down, and what kind of road-bed will be needed to resist their shock and the wearing. Of course, it will not do to say that the construction of the road is impossible. Anything of this kind is possible to those who have built the iron highways of Europe and America. But to keep this road in order when it is built will require a watchfulness and an outlay enough to tire out even the most patient waiters upon fortune. The floods, the land-slides, possibly occasional earthquakes, to say nothing of the malice of the Bedaween, will be a constant drain upon the resources of the road.

And, moreover, the building of this Jerusalem railway would weaken very much, and in time almost destroy, the special interest which draws men to the Holy City. It would secularize the place and the region. Already, since travellers have become so numerous on the way, and so familiar in the streets of the city, the fervor of pilgrimage has fallen off, and the number of pilgrims is greatly diminished. Where there is one pilgrim now, there were four in the last generation. The day when twenty thousand came together on Mount Zion at the Eastern Festival has quite gone by ; and now the long cloisters of the Convent of St. James are mostly vacant. As the shrines become objects of secular curiosity, they are less attractive to pilgrim feet. Since the Mosque of Omar has been opened to the infidel, Moslem regard for it has

fallen off; and Protestants crowding to examine the lamps of the sepulchre, and the olive-trees in Gethsemane, will reduce the reverence of the faithful for the holy things. That Jerusalem is so inaccessible keeps it more sacred. When it shall be possible to run up there from the sea in a couple of hours, "do" all the sights and wonders in a forenoon, lunch upon the Mount of Olives, and get back to Jaffa in time to leave by the afternoon steamer, the religious charm of the journey will be fatally spoiled, — it will be as worldly a business as a run from Curta Vecchia to Rome, or from Southampton to London, or from Portland to the White Mountains.

It is safe to say that the Jerusalem railway will not be built at present, and that Petermann's beautiful map will not be used in any company of directors in Rome, London, Paris, or New York. Possibly this scheme may be accomplished before some of the other fantastic plans which pious souls imagine for the future of the Jewish and Christian Church. Some of the bishops say that the Pope ought to go there when he ceases to be sovereign in the Eternal City; but the Pope does not want to go there, and is more likely to accept the invitation of Mr. Bennett and take up his abode at Fort Washington. Others insist that the sons of Jacob must gather to their ancient capital when their long prayer is answered, and the Redeemer comes to Zion; but the Jews decline to try another experiment where their former failure was so disastrous. They love America more than Palestine; Cincinnati and Chicago, more than Joppa and Jerusalem.

Yet impossibilities become suddenly realities in this day of surprises. And when we read of Russia and Brazil abolishing slavery, of Southern masters begging the votes of their former chattels, of cables laid and working under three thousand miles of ocean, of the frozen zone discovered to be habitable and fruitful and bought with a great price, of a strong military nation made in the campaign of a fortnight, we shall hardly dare to pronounce upon ever so unpractical a project as this iron road over the hills of Judea. If the sick man should next year be driven back from his dominion, and his possessions parted among the civilized States, it may be that, after all, the scream of the engine will scare the jackals of the Kidron Valley, even before Mount Cenei shall be travelled, and before through trains shall run from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Perhaps, in three years from this date,

the eighteen hundredth anniversary of the destruction of Jerusalem may be celebrated by the opening of the Station of the "Derek Barsel" around the ancient castle of David, the crowning of Rothschild as King, and the anointing of Pius as High Priest, in the renewed City of the Lord.

C. H. B.

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From "The Century-Plant."

### THE CHILD OF THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

THE light-house keeper said to his child,

"I must go to the mainland, dear ;

Can you stay alone till afternoon ?

Quite early I hope to be here."

She tossed back her hair with a girlish grace,

As she lifted to his a brightening face,

"Yes, father, I've nothing to fear.

"With Kit and Fide I'll have fine play,

When I've seen your boat glide by ;

Then I'll gather shells and seaweed bright,

And watch the cloud-fleets in the sky.

Oh ! time will merrily glide away,

And when you come ere close of day,

To get a good supper I'll try."

"God keep thee daughter," the father said,

As he drew her close to his side ;

His sun-browned hand on her golden head,

While the light skiff waited its guide.

Then in he sprung, and with arrowy flight

The little boat sped, like a sea-bird bright,

O'er the sparkling, shimmering tide.

The child stood still on the wave-washed sand,

Baptized in sunlight clear ;

The father thought as he waved his hand,

Of another yet more dear,

Who watched him erst from that gleaming strand,

Whose life-bark sped to the better land,

But leaving her image here.

Quietly, cheerily, fled the hours  
Of that long, bright summer day ;  
But lo ! far westward a storm-cloud lowers,  
Its shadow is on the bay.  
" Oh, father I hope will not set sail,  
In rash attempt to weather the gale !  
She thought as she knelt to pray.

" Then what if a ship should pass to-night ? "  
In anxious tone she said ;  
" But can I ? yes, I *must* strike the light."   
She climbed with cautious tread,  
Up and still up the circling tower ;  
And full and clear till dawnlight hour,  
The lantern's radiance spread.

" The mist is thick, the bell must be rung,"  
The girlish arm was slight ;  
But the woman's heart to effort sprung,  
And out thro' dreary night  
The bell pealed forth again and again ;  
While an anxious crew on raging main  
Were toiling with all their might.

The morning breaks and the storm is past ;  
The keeper sets sail for home ;  
His heart throbs deep as his boat flies fast,  
Amid dashing spray and foam.  
She touches land, and the chamber stairs  
Echo his footfalls as hearts echo prayers ;  
He turns to his daughter's room.

No shame to his manhood that tears fall fast,  
As he bends o'er the little bed ;  
And wild kisses bedew the tiny hands,  
Thrown wearily over her head.  
For those hands have wrought a mightier deed  
Than were blazoned in story or song ;  
And the ship, with its wealth of human life,  
To-day safely rides o'er the billows strife,  
Because the child's heart was strong !

## THE QUIETING POWER OF PRAYER.

## A SOLDIER'S EXPERIENCE.

I HAVE been a soldier, and have felt, as I approached the battle-plain, that fear of death, that shrinking from the strife which *all*, yes, all who are human, sober, and sane must and do feel on going into battle. I confess that, after my first fight, I always dreaded the struggle, and as we entered it, shrunk from it; and was only kept from actually running away by real fear of being a coward. No one can realize, better than those who have passed through great dangers, — who have been daily side by side with death, expecting any moment to be struck down by the dread messenger, the quieting sense of prayer, — of heartfelt, earnest, though silent prayer. No one can feel it more than the soldier, who for four long years has battled with the murderous foe, — has walked hand and hand with death o'er the blood-red battle-plain, — who was often called upon to every moment see some comrade fall dead at his feet; or, if not dead, see him stretched out terribly mangled; again in the sick-ward of the hospital day after day see some comrades fall a victim. Having had this *fear*, I would say that once it came to me to pray as I was going forward; and I experienced the quieting, soothing influence of prayer. It was as follows:

All night long we had dragged along at a slow and wearisome pace, sometimes actually dozing as we marched, and at every momentary halt throwing ourselves down for a nap. The crowd of weary, foot-sore soldiers pressed on all night long, only one thought keeping them up: the knowledge that the enemy would be met in the morning. As I marched along, with my sword upon my shoulder, putting one foot before the other with ever-increasing effort, I began to think of home. My mind wandered back to the capital of the old Bay State; and in one of its pleasant homes I saw my dear old mother, my brothers, and my sisters all sitting round the centre-table, my mother's hair silvered with age and anxieties. The ladies were all sewing, and all four looked up with sad, anxious faces as my brother read of active operations in the army, where they knew I, their older brother, was fighting. I think of what the morrow may bring forth. Perchance it will

see me stretched on the plain, cold in death, no more to see those dear ones at home. "Am I," I asked myself, "prepared for death? Am I fitted for an entrance into that other world? No, I am not. Far from it. I have not been what would be called a *bad* boy or wicked man, yet I have not been one of the righteous few. I have read my Bible but little. I have seldom bowed to my God in heartfelt prayer. 'I have done many things I ought not to have done, and I have left undone many things I ought to have done.' " A fearful feeling of sin, unworthiness, and shame, a sense of being unprepared, came over me, and thus to go into the fight, perchance to be summoned before my God? I began to breathe, as I marched, a short but fervent prayer for help and forgiveness, but was interrupted by orders from the colonel of the regiment, which kept me very busy until morning.

The brigade was halted in an open field at the side of the road when I joined my regiment. Along the road were continually borne on bloody stretchers wounded men going to the rear. The fight was still advancing, and we could hear the noise of the bursting shell grow more distant with each discharge. The men had begun to get their coffee ready for breakfast, when I noticed a commotion in the regiment in our front, and a staff-officer rode up to the colonel with orders to move with the brigade. The leading brigade, the one next in our front, had already gone forward, and we were now to take the lead.

The shrill sound of the bugle is heard; and the men, with sad faces at leaving their half-made coffee, fall into line; and we slowly file out into the road, but are soon halted to let a train of ambulances pass us, filled with wounded and moaning men. Soon we start again. Along the road we are continually passing dead men, both Union and Rebel. The sharp shriek of a shell is heard as it passes over our heads and plunges into the woods. We are nearing the conflict. Now is the time when the soldier has that feeling of fear and shrinking, as he looks at those poor mutilated remains of men, and hears the shell calling in tones not to be mistaken, "Where are ye? where are ye?" as it passes on, trying to find a victim. The colonel gives the command to halt; and then follow in quick succession, "Front, order arms; load; shoulder arms; battalion, left wheel; forward march;" soon followed by double-quick march, and we rush upon the enemy. Like a flash came before me the thoughts of the night. Hurriedly I breathe a



short, silent, but heartfelt prayer to my God for strength in the hour of battle, for forgiveness of my many sins, and ask him to watch over me, protect, shield, and bring me in safety through the fight; "but, if he thinks it for the best that my young life should be offered up on the altar of my country, strengthen the dear ones at home to bear the loss, and for Christ's sake who died for us, forgive my sins, and receive my soul to thyself."

Having breathed that short prayer in heartfelt earnestness and trustfulness, I feel easier, better prepared for the conflict before me, knowing that that which is for my good will be done. A sense of quietness in my soul comes over me, and I push on to the battle with less of fear and shrinking than I ever experienced before.

Suddenly a volley of musket-balls whistles over our heads and around us; and, with a wild cry of pain, one of my men throws up his arms, and falls dead at my feet. I jump over the body, and press on with my men.

We reach a fence, from which the enemy have just retired, and then advance to the top of the knoll, and are in the full excitement of battle, with the enemy in view, about one hundred yards away. I am hard at work, and try to keep my men from getting excited. We fight thus for three or four hours with occasionally quiet spells, of which we take advantage to send off our wounded. At last, having exhausted our ammunition, we fall back to the shelter of the woods in our rear. After having seen my company preparing their dinner, I went into the woods for a quiet time by myself. I was there alone amid the peaceful woods around me. I would occasionally hear a random shot to remind me what I had just passed through. I breathed a short prayer of thankfulness to God for his watchful care of me, and then turned to attend to my duties. Often, during the day, a feeling of trust and confidence came over me. I had no care or fear of the day's results. I was in God's hands. I felt that "He that careth even for the sparrows careth for me."

R. R.

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HEAVEN is the perfect recognition, the complete reciprocation, of that Love from which neither things to come, nor things present, neither Death, nor, as so many seem to imagine, Life, can separate us.

## SABBATH HYMN.

BY REV. S. D. ROBBINS.

SEND down thy rest, O God !  
Our toils and tears to crown,  
Too long the thorny path we've trod ;  
Thy rest, O God, send down !

A holy faith impart,  
Our questionings to still ;  
With hope inspire each fainting heart,  
And nerve each falt'ring will.

The spirit of thy Son  
On all thy children shed,  
Until thy will on earth is done,  
Thy truth consummated.

Oh come, thyself, and make  
Our waiting souls thine own,  
And for thy lowly temple take ;  
Emmanuel,\* come down !

Then man shall live in Thee,  
Thy love all souls unite,  
And past and future only be  
A present Infinite.

\* God with us.

---

Our present life in Christ may be compared to that of the seed ; a hidden life, contending under ground against cold and darkness and obstructions, yet bearing within its breast the indestructible germ of vitality. Death lifts the soul into the sunshine for which a hidden, invisible work has prepared it. Heaven is the life of the flower.

LITERARY NOTICES.

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*The Guardian Angel*, the last novel of Dr. HOLMES, is published by Ticknor & Fields, in a handsome duodecimo volume of 420 pp.

Myrtle Hazard, the heroine, develops into the accomplished matron, the wife of Clement Lindsay, and Gifted Hopkins marries Susan Posey. The most original character, and the finest drawn, is Byles Gridley. There was, evidently, a real character which the Doctor took as his model. He enlists our interest and love more than any other one in the volume. Rev. Joseph Bellamy Stoker gets extinguished by the sounding-board falling down upon his head while preaching. It always seemed about to fall and has come down at last. The Doctor, in his preface, thinks that the Rev. Joseph Bellamy Stoker ought to stand as representative of a class who really exist, and that since there are three other clergymen in the novel who are good and worthy men and represent all good clergymen, the profession has no right to find fault. The Doctor is clearly right, and his lesson is perfectly sound and wholesome. Myrtle Hazard is better done than Elsie Venner. Its characterization is more perfect, and its quiet humor and polished satire make it a very pungent book. s.

*Queer Little People*, from the same publishers, is an amusing volume by MRS. STOWE printed originally as articles in "Our Young Folks." It is handsomely printed and illustrated, and makes a book of 185 pp. which the little people will read with great delight. It has stories of odd folks, hens and chickens, remarkable dogs and cats, squirrels, and other animals. It is full of life and nature and sunshine from the sunny spirit of Mrs. Stowe. s.

From the same publishers we have *A Lover's Diary*, by ALICE CARY, on tinted paper with gilt edge and very beautifully bound. It is a very fair embodiment of Alice Cary as a poet. The rhymes are easy and flowing, the sentiment natural, the descriptions of scenery very pleasant, but without the poetical insight. The inspiration is not of genius but of genuine affection. s.

*German Rationalism*, its rise, progress, and decline, a contribution to the church history of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, by Dr. K. R. HAGENBACH, Professor of Theology in the University of Basle, edited and translated by Rev. WM. LEONHARD GAGE, and Rev. J. H. W. STRECKENBERG. Edinburgh, T. T. Clark.

We receive this important work too late for an extended notice in the present issue. We shall speak of it again. Meanwhile our readers may be assured of its excellence, and that it tells directly on a subject of the highest interest at the present time.

S.

*The Century Plant*, by the author of "Linwood," is a volume of poems, patriotic, affectional, and religious. Our readers may remember "Linwood; or, The Christmas Gift," in which Christian truth is illustrated in the characters of the story, naturally and pleasantly drawn. This little volume has the same purity of tone, sweetness of affection, and fervent breathings of religious aspiration. We copy "The Child of the Light-house" — a good story for our young readers. See the Random Readings. Published by Wm. V. Spencer.

S.

*Private Devotions*, is a pocket-book of prayers for every morning and evening in the week with prayers for some particular occasions, by Rev. HUGH HUTTON, M. A., with an introduction by Rev. RUFUS ELLIS. A quiet, devotional fervor breathes through this little volume. It is entirely Christian in all its breathings, with none of the artificial theologies brought into it. Wm. V. Spencer.

S.

*Sweden and Norway*, by M. G. SLEEPER, is an excellent book for young readers, and much better than any of the romance stories. It contains sketches and tales of the scenery, customs, history, and legends of Scandinavia, made with prime regard to historical truth. It is a province of history and of country, full of interest and of varied and dashing adventure, appealing to the taste and imagination of youth. The book is illustrated with wood-cuts. Gould & Lincoln.

S.

We have affectionate and discerning tributes to the late Hon. CHAS. G. LORING, by Rev. Dr. Bartol and to the late PROF. R. P. DUNN, by Prof. J. Lewis Diman of Brown University.

E.

*Among the Birds*, a series of sketches for young folks, illustrating the domestic life of our feathered friends. By EDWARD A. SAMUELS. Boston: Nichols & Noyes. 1863.

A very pleasant book, pleasantly illustrated. The children will be interested in learning from its pages how the birds get on in the winter. E.

*Leyton Hall*, by MARK LEMON, Editor of "London Punch" is a tale of love and jealousy, which has had quite a run in England, and is republished by Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. The period is that of Charles the First and the Parliament. It abounds in humor and pathos, and tragic incident. It is a tale of love and marriage with a happy ending, and is ably written. E.

*Prayers of the Ages*, compiled by CAROLINE S. WHITMARSH. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1868.

We venture to predict for this book a very wide use. It will go where the "Hymns of the Ages" have gone, a minister of sweet consolation, like those precious volumes of Christian prophecy. We cannot be too grateful to the compiler for bringing together, with so much care and with such excellent discerning of spirits, these saintly and sweet utterances, many of them the most authentic voices of the Spirit which have ever proceeded from the abundance of man's redeemed and consecrated heart. Miss Whitmarsh has taken a wide range and has plucked the fruit of Gentile as well as of Christian lips; and rightly, for the true Light enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world, and God hath in every nation those that fear and love him, and His Wisdom makes prophets even of those who have known no outward baptism. The only selections that we should have hesitated about would have been some of the most modern, for our age is not, as the next will be, an age of prayer. Most heartily do we commend the volume to all who would learn to take delight in or who do already take delight in prayer. E.

MESSES. LEE & SHEPARD lay the young people under fresh obligations by their fresh instalment of "Oliver Optics."

"Breaking Away; or, The Fortunes of a Student," "The Starry Flag; or, The Young Fisherman of Cape Ann," and "Shamrock and Thistle; or, Young America in Ireland and Scotland." A "Story of Travel and Adventure" are the last titles, and the demand on the part of the children keeps pace with the supply. E.

*Sir Pavaon and St. Pavaon*, by E. FOXTON, author of "Hermon ; or, Young Knighthood," is a legend which some of our readers will remember. The legend belongs to the days of chivalry, and embodies and illustrates the Christian law of universal brotherhood, and the fearful penalties which attend its violation. In rhythm the poem often halts and breaks down. It is like a brook dashing all the while over breakers and obstacles, the more determined, however, to make its way. This irregularity and defiance of prosody saves from monotony and keeps attention awake. But in description the author's pen has a magical power. One stroke of it makes a photograph as perfect as can be. As a gleam, out of the middle age, descriptive of its religion and manners, as showing how words may be made pictures, and as a practical lesson in Christian philanthropy, we rarely find so much in so small a compass. Lee & Shepard. S.

*Aunt Zelpeth's Baby*, by the author of "The Adventures of a German Toy." Wm. V. Spencer, 203 Washington Street.

The first real *child's* book we have read for many a long day ; and it is just as good reading for the elders. It is full of pleasant humor, not out of the reach of little folk, or folk that are not as clever as the cleverest. We advise every mother of young children to secure a copy *before* Christmas. E.

*Life and Letters of Madame Swetchine*, by COUNT DE FALLOUX, of the French Academy. Translated by H. W. PRESTON. Boston : Roberts Brothers. 1867.

Madame Swetchine's story was well worth telling. Her life was a growth. Whatever may be our judgment as to her opinions we can put only the highest estimate upon her principles. She had, what so many lack, intellectual integrity. Her days were spent with the great and the famous ; but she did not lose her simplicity. Strength and sweetness were blended in her character, and her ways and means were as honorable as her purposes. Mr. Alger has done good service in bringing this book to the notice of our reading world. It will be found at once nourishing and stimulating, altogether a charming chapter of human experience, all the more so because the subject of the biography passed her days in a world so far removed from ours. E







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THE

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MONTHLY

# RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

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REV. EDMUND H. SEARS AND REV. RUFUS ELLIS.

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THE  
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AND  
**Family Journal.**

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
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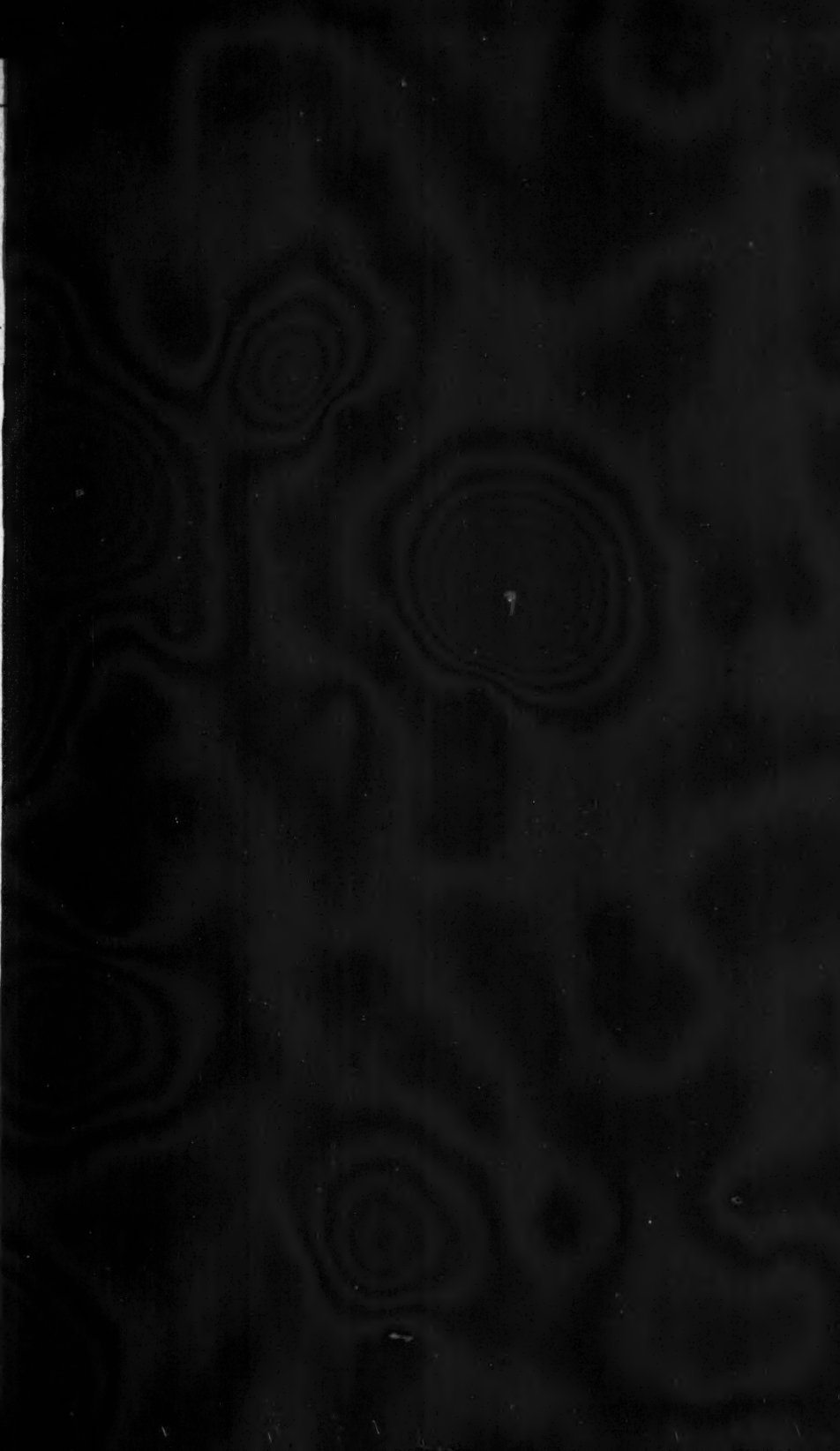
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 **NOTICE.**—We have sent Bills to a *few subscribers* who are in arrears for the Magazine, and hope the amount due will be remitted before the close of the year.





# NEW SILVER ROOM!

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**SPECIAL NOTICE.**

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THE  
MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE  
FOR 1868.

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REV. EDMUND H. SEARS AND REV. RUFUS ELLIS,  
EDITORS.

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The Proprietor would inform the subscribers and friends of this Magazine, that it will be continued the next year in charge of the present able Editors, and with the aid of the old and some new contributors the work will be conducted on the same plan as the past year, which we have reason to believe, from the increase in our subscription list, has been generally satisfactory and acceptable to our readers.

First, a Leading Article written expressly for this Journal, expressing the results of the highest Christian thought, to which the Periodical is pledged.

Second, a Sermon, with a variety of short articles in prose and poetry of a religious and practical character, which may meet the wants of families, — the elder and the younger members of the household, — and be of service in the work of Christian training, and useful to Sunday-School Teachers.

Third, an Article entitled "The Spirit of the Religious Press," to contain a brief summary of the religious periodical literature of all denominations, with other matters of general interest selected from both Foreign and American papers and magazines.

Fourth, the Random Readings and Literary Notices will be continued as heretofore.

We shall endeavor to make the Monthly what it was intended and will aim to be — an instructive and interesting Religious Magazine for family reading.

**TERMS:**

The Magazine will be issued on the first of every month, in numbers of *eighty pages each*, large Royal Octavo, making two volumes a year of nearly 500 pages each, or about 1000 pages the year, with Title pages and Index, handsomely printed on fine paper and good type.

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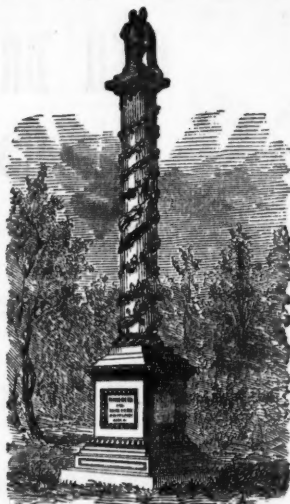
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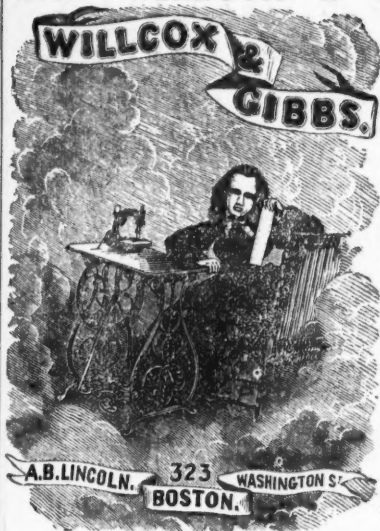
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